# Saturday Review of Literature

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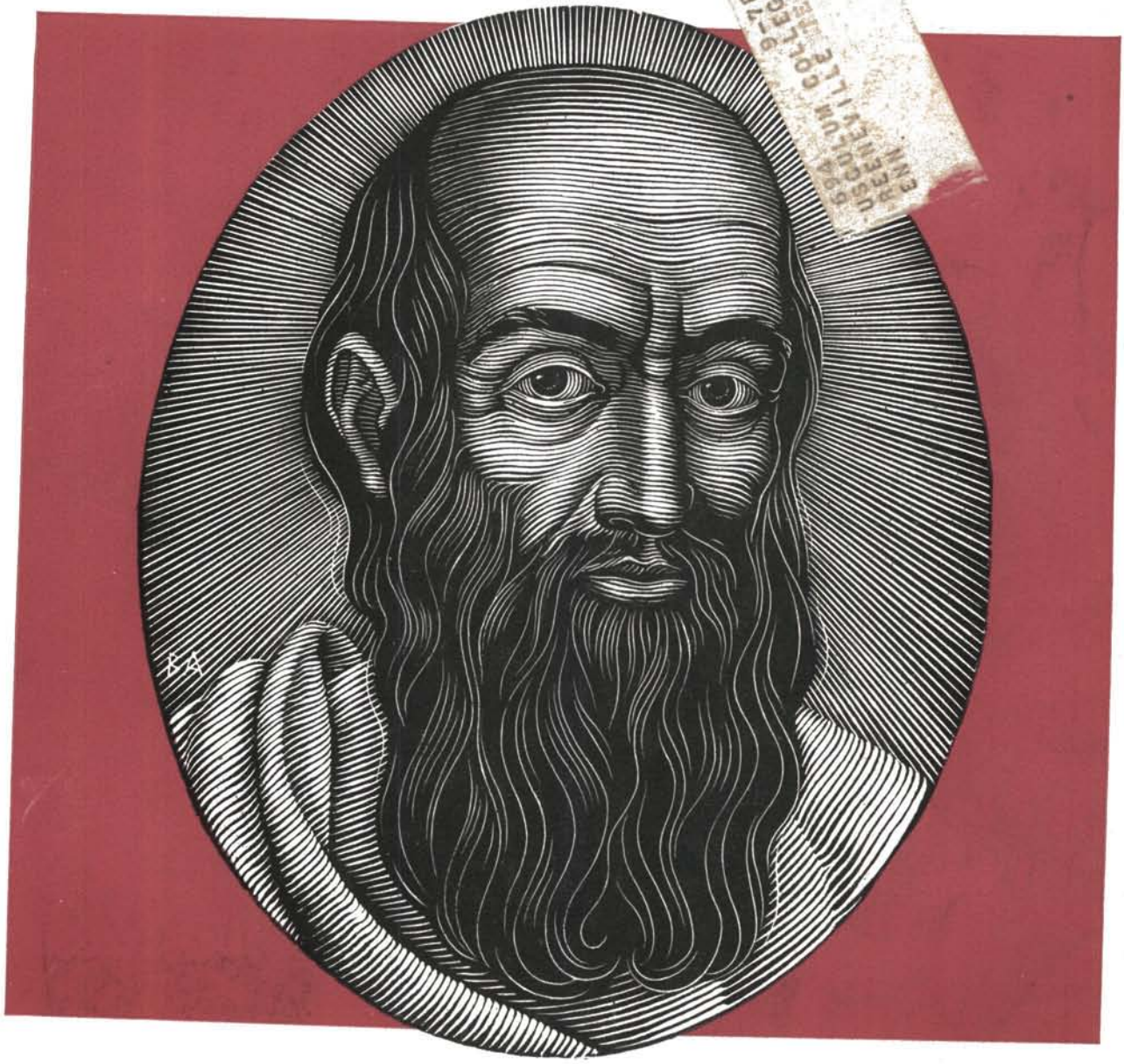

*St. Paul: "Though I have all faith so that I could remove mountains and have not love, I am nothing." (See page 9)*

## *The First Persecutor*

By EDITH HAMILTON

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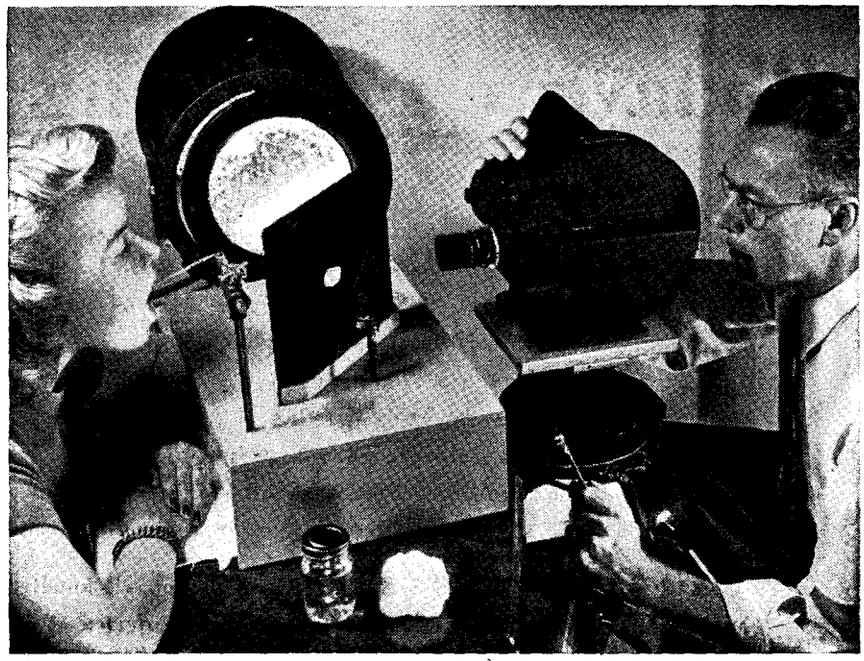

COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

**Taking moving pictures of human vocal cords**

**SAY "AH-H-H" TO THE BIRDIE . . .** *This Bell Telephone Laboratories scientist is taking moving pictures of the young woman's vocal cords, to get new knowledge about the voice. Such knowledge is useful in telephone transmitter design.*

*He is using a Fastax camera, developed by the Laboratories. This camera, the same kind that was used to photograph atom-bomb tests at Bikini, can operate up to the rate of 8000 pictures a second.*

*Bell Telephone Laboratories learned some interesting things about speech from high-speed pictures of vocal cords.*

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# Today we *LIKE* being publishers

It is a real pleasure to publish a quiet though distinguished book and win instant recognition from discerning critics. On June 23rd, we published **ALEXANDER THE GREAT** by Charles Alexander Robinson, Jr., Professor of Classics at Brown University. We thought it was the kind of book that might interest a lot of people who knew about Alexander only that he was a great military leader and that he was Aristotle's most illustrious student. We thought also that it was scholarly enough to be a real contribution to people who already knew a great deal about Alexander. We thought it was a good book. But we feared that it was the kind of thoughtful book that could quite easily get lost in the shuffle, sell a modest number of copies and go relatively unreviewed and unnoticed.

**ALEXANDER THE GREAT** may still not sell hundreds of thousands of copies. But it certainly has been reviewed and noticed. You *Saturday Review of Literature* readers probably read in last week's issue Elmer Davis' article, "The Meeting of East and West: Act I." which started out to be a review of **ALEXANDER THE GREAT** and just grew into a thoughtful and significant essay. You may not have seen the other reviews quoted below. We think it's a sign of genuine health in the book trade when a thoughtful and unsensational book like Professor Robinson's is so widely reviewed. Yes, publishing is an exciting business. We like it!

**"An able and scholarly biography. It is unlikely that there is any more painstaking investigation in print of Alexander's spectacular career."**
**— Orville Prescott, *N. Y. TIMES***

**"By neatly blending facts and legends with his own scholarly and imaginative approach, Professor Robinson offers a gracefully written and appealing characterization of Alexander the Great . . . Although this thoughtful biography is based on extensive reading of the available literature, the author has dispensed with footnotes and other paraphernalia in the scholar's kit and has made it an attractive short biography for the layman."**
**— *PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER***

**"This new study of Alexander the Great possesses a double timeliness for those who read history for something more than entertainment . . . Charles A. Robinson, Jr. is recognized among his professional colleagues as the foremost authority on this subject in America. It is one of the great merits of the book that it presents to the general reader the results of sound and penetrating scholarship in a manner that is almost disarmingly readable. Under this competent treatment Alexander stands out as something more than an interesting and important figure of history; he is as well a definite symbol of challenge for the atomic age into which we have been herded."**
**— *SUNDAY PROVIDENCE JOURNAL***

**"A new characterization must justify itself by originality in analysis, by exceptional vigor of treatment or by unusual scholarship. Professor Robinson meets all three requirements. He has a nice sense of proportion. He does not overemphasize any phase of Alexander's life and works . . . The professor's book is scholarly, and offers a characterization that readers will readily accept as a close approximation of reality."**
**— *BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH-CLUB NEWS***

**"This distinguished life of one of the world's immortals develops the claim that Alexander 'set the course which Western man has followed ever since.' Definitely the author has created a new picture of Alexander the Great. His volume is unique in that it is comprehensive, factual and complete without being overlong or tedious. It reads like a romantic novel."**
**— *DANIEL A. POLING***

# ALEXANDER THE GREAT

## *by* CHARLES ALEXANDER ROBINSON, Jr.

Co-author of "Hellenic History," etc.

**E. P. DUTTON & CO., INC., 300 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK 10, N. Y.** *At all bookstores* $3.75



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# TRADE Winds

**ALFRED KNOPF** is very particular about the cigars he smokes. His favorite brand is a pure Havana manufactured by H. Upmann, packaged individually in a metal container that looks like a miniature torpedo. On his way to the Coast recently, Mr. Knopf fell into conversation with a bearded stranger in the club car of the Chief, and automatically reached into his upper left-hand pocket for one of his precious stogies. Then, with understandable reluctance, he offered another (his last) to the bearded stranger.

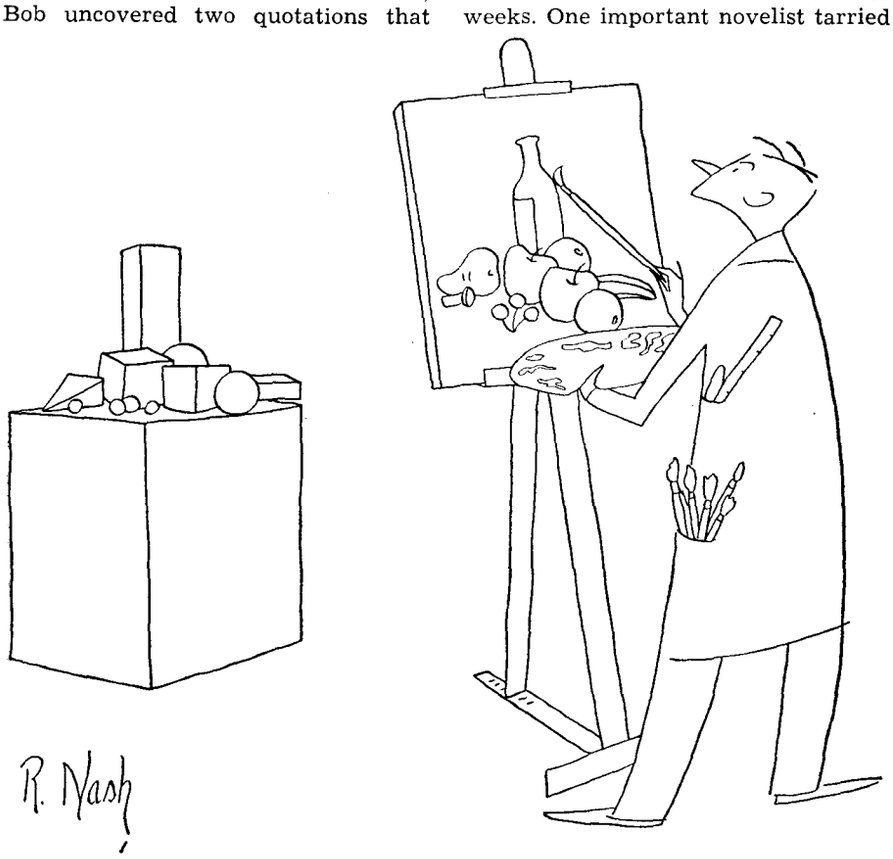
After the two men had puffed in silence for a spell, Mr. Knopf could not resist asking, "What do you think of that cigar?" The stranger shrugged his shoulders and said, "Not bad." "Not bad!" echoed Knopf. "I'll have you know that's an Upmann Special." "No, it isn't," said the other. "You see, I'm Upmann. And only Upmann smokes Upmann Specials." . . .

**FARRAR, STRAUS** are planning a series of anthologies of regional matter under the general title of "City and Country Readers." The first volume will be "The Boston Reader," edited by Robert Linscott, the Pride of Pinckney Street. In the course of his voluminous research for this book, Bob uncovered two quotations that rate inclusion in the next edition of Bartlett. One Chauncey Wright observed, "A lad is a boy with a man's hand on his head." Rockwood Hoar pointed out, "The three stages of the enterprising Yankee are getting on, getting honor, and getting honest." . . . A. Hamilton Gibbs's new novel, "Way of Life," will be published by Little, Brown on September 10. Remember Gibbs's "Soundings"? It was a big best seller way back in 1925. . . . Harper & Bros. announce that Eugene Saxton Memorial Trust literary fellowships have been awarded to novelists Elaine C. Battis and Max Steele. The purpose of this trust is to continue the late Mr. Saxton's literary benefactions by helping deserving creative writers. The trustees are Mrs. Saxton, Amy Loveman, and Edward C. Aswell. The latter, incidentally, caused a furore in publishing circles by leaving Harper's after twelve years of distinguished service there, to become new editor-in-chief of Whittlesey House. This division of the potent McGraw-Hill empire has ambitious expansion plans. . . .

**A VISIT TO** William Randolph Hearst's fabulous ranch at San Simeon, Calif., usually provides the dazzled guests with dinner-table conversation for weeks. One important novelist tarried there recently and, in searching for some writing paper, came across a document in Mr. Hearst's own handwriting that evidently had been left in the desk by mistake. It was headed "Shopping List" and the items on it ran as follows:

1 pair shoe laces
1 croup kettle
2 hippopotami . . .

**MATTHEW ARNOLD** defined journalism as "literature in a hurry." Some of the country's leading exponents of the craft are neatly profiled for future reference in "More Post Biographies," edited by John E. Drewry, and published by the University of Georgia Press. The subjects include Helen Reid, John S. Knight, Eugene Meyer, Bill Mauldin, Drew Pearson, and Ernie Pyle. . . . The first volume of Winston Churchill's memoirs (there will be five in all) will be published by Houghton Mifflin in the spring of 1948. *Life* and *The New York Times* will print excerpts first, but under the terms of the contract their selection will be restricted to forty per cent of the complete text. H. M.'s share of the guarantee on the Churchill work is said to total a hundred thousand dollars or more. They consider it "the richest literary plum of World War Two." . . . Simon & Schuster's most ambitious project for the fall will be "The American Past," a history of the United States from Concord to Hiroshima, by Roger Butterfield, in 125,000 words and 1,000 pictures, many in full color. . . .




**SAMUEL HOFFENSTEIN'S** first new book of poetry in seventeen years will be called "Pencil in the Air." Doubleday is the publisher. Hoffenstein's "Poems in Praise of Practically Nothing" has achieved, in various editions, the astonishing sales total of over half a million copies. Asked to supply a jacket description of "Pencil in the Air," Hoffenstein dashed off the following lines on the back of one of Mike Romanoff's menus:

This book is about
A number of things, *viz*—
The universal phiz,
The statesman's snout,
Love,
(Which you are no doubt thinking of)
The female essentially,
The male tangentially,
Animals, taxes, a few trees and blooms
And the various dooms
Which we pursue.
Nothing very new;
Just things we are accustomed to—
The old complaints,
Is's and aint's,
Sometimes a little tearful,
But chiefly cheerful:
A jot, so to speak, of this,
and of that, a tittle



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# "From where I sit"

IN THE spring of 1937 about which MR. HENRY BLANCHARD writes, I was not in Paris. But I was there the next year and in Normandy too, the Normandy of his novel **The White Bull,** and all I can say is the guy knows his France.

This book is written in the first person—the person of a concert pianist (which MR. BLANCHARD is also). By an accident of fate and the French railroads, our narrator is dumped in a godforsaken barren place called Surlechamps. Idiomatically translated, this means on-the-spot.

On the spot his life takes a new and crucial turning. As he says: "Here I was at once a part of the life of this family before a word was spoken between us, before they even saw me." At once he fell in love with Jenni Barguesc and she with him. But her father forbade marriage for two years. That would have made it October '39.

I was in Normandy that summer too, and BLANCHARD'S description of the swift culmination of peace is only too clear. We all know what happened. The narrator, Guillaume, was not able to return until that invasion of Normandy. Only then was he told the hideous story of what had happened to his French family and his love in a "chaos where only insanity is normal." As he says, "The world has been tricked."

The writing in this strangely beautiful book is simple and direct, the chapters short and to the point. But herein lies the power of the book, a power as unified and violently real as the charge of the white bull himself. The brute beauty of this bull symbolizes to me the inevitable disaster of a civilization too ripe to last, one which in the end must come thundering down on friend and foe alike, trampling all beneath it in its brutish but gorgeous lust. Europa hoisted by the horns of her dilemma.

paul

DOUBLEDAY 50th Anniversary

A few big words, but mostly little;
Not much thinking required—
Can be read when tired.
The rhymes rhyme
All the time—
Easy on the ear.
Type clear—
Easy on the eye.
Nice buy. . . .

**A REVISED EDITION** of Marquis Childs's "Sweden: The Middle Way" has just been brought out by the Yale University Press. It brings up to the moment the story of the nation which preserved a miraculous neutrality throughout the war and still manages to steer a straight course between the menaces of fascism and communism. . . . William Morrow is readying publication of "Male and Female," the new book by the brilliant Dr. Margaret Mead. . . . William Pettit is working on the story of a wayward elephant who takes to drink, and awakens in a climactic moment to see a file of pink men parading through her boudoir. . . . Three leaders on the new Bobbs-Merrill list are Bob Casey's "More Interesting People"; "The Permanent Ade," a one-volume selection of the humorist's best writing, edited by Fred C. Kelly, and a book by Monsignor Fulton Sheen, credited with the conversion to Catholicism of some of the best-known people in America in the past decade. . . . Hellman, Williams & Co., expanding into the trade book field, announce a new book by Emil Ludwig called "Doctor Freud," and the memoirs of Bill Tilden, stormy petrel of the tennis world. . . . Ray Bond's anthology "Famous Stories of Code and Cipher" (Rinehart) is particularly recommended to devotees of *SRL*'s literary cryptograms and the Double-Crostic page. . . . The Scribner offices do not seem the same without Max Perkins. The recent death of this distinguished and universally loved editor was an irreparable loss to the entire world of publishing. . . .

**A CUSTOMER ASKED** a new clerk at the Chaucer Head Bookshop, "Have you that new book on semantics?" "We sure have," said the clerk cheerfully, and handed him a copy of "Gentleman's Agreement." . . . The *Darien* (Conn.) *Review,* incidentally, finally has taken official note of Miss Hobson's best-selling blast against bigotry —particularly in Darien. In a front-page story, the on-the-ball *Review* reports:

> Hollywood came to Darien on Monday when the tall, handsome Gregory Peck and slender and pretty Dorothy Maguire enacted a scene at the Darien railroad station. Elia Kazan, who directed "Boomerang," which was filmed in Stamford recently, was in charge of the proceedings. The scene is a minor one for the film "Gentleman's Agreement," *a story of real estate dealings.*

BENNETT CERF.

"Mr. Bowman, here's two box tops, ten cents, and a request for one of our Super Atomic Disintegrators from the Bolivian Government—Office of Defense."



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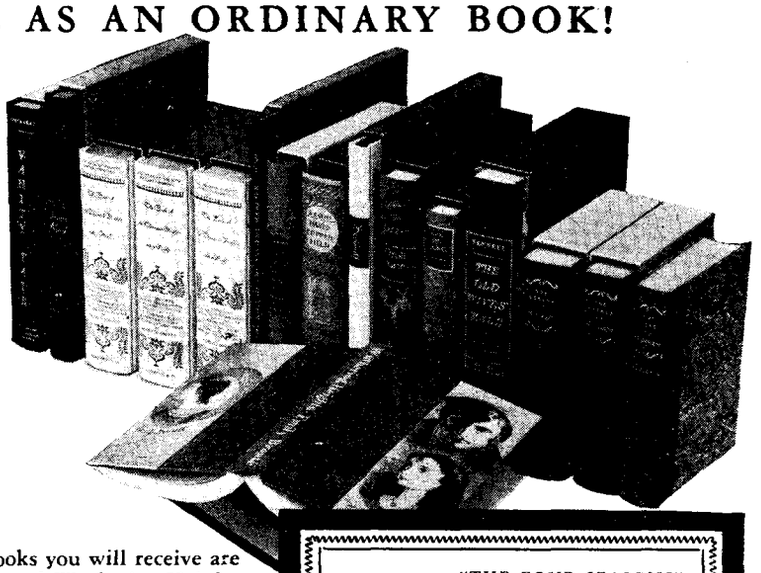

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TO EACH NEW MEMBER of The Heritage Club, the directors plan to present a twenty-dollar portfolio of prints!

This is a portfolio called *The Four Seasons: in a French eighteenth-century town.* The portfolio itself is handsome. In it there are four prints, *in full color,* of water-color drawings by Thomas Maitland Cleland. They are in the full size of the originals: 12 x 12¼ inches. They are placed in fine-quality mats, size 16 x 17¼ inches each. This Christmas, these prints will be placed on general sale: at $5 each, $20 for all four prints with the portfolio.

The directors of this Club will present one of the portfolios to each new member, as an inducement to join *now.*

OF COURSE, no inducement whatever should be necessary. For the members of The Heritage Club regularly come into possession of those "classics which are our heritage from the past, in editions which will be the heritage of the future." They come into possession of books beautifully illustrated by the world's greatest artists, well printed in readable types upon fine papers, and staunchly bound.

And their satisfaction is proved by the fact that *ninety percent* of the members renew their memberships each year—a renewal rate approached by no other book club except, of course, The Limited Editions Club which is the proud parent and sponsor of The Heritage Club.

If *you* obtain a membership now, you will receive twelve books during the coming year, at a special price to you of $3.30 each—or of only $2.97 each if payment is made in advance.

Among the books you will receive are *Tristram Shandy* and *Wuthering Heights* and *John Brown's Body* and *Jane Eyre* and *The Beggar's Opera* and *Westward Ho!* The illustrations for these books have been made by such world-famous men as T. M. Cleland and Edward A. Wilson and John Steuart Curry and Arthur Szyk.

IT IS POSSIBLE for you to come into the membership now, because The Heritage Club is about to embark upon a new Series—the *eleventh annual Series,* which is to be called Series L—of beautiful, *beautiful* books delivered to the members at the same price as an ordinary novel.

The titles in the new Series are completely described in a handsome Prospectus of which you may now have a copy for the asking.

But—and this is an important *but*—we are able to take in for this new Series, only 2,500 new members. There is now, as you know, a scarcity of paper in this country. Of the high quality of paper which *we* use, the supply is so limited as to force us to gnash our teeth in fury.

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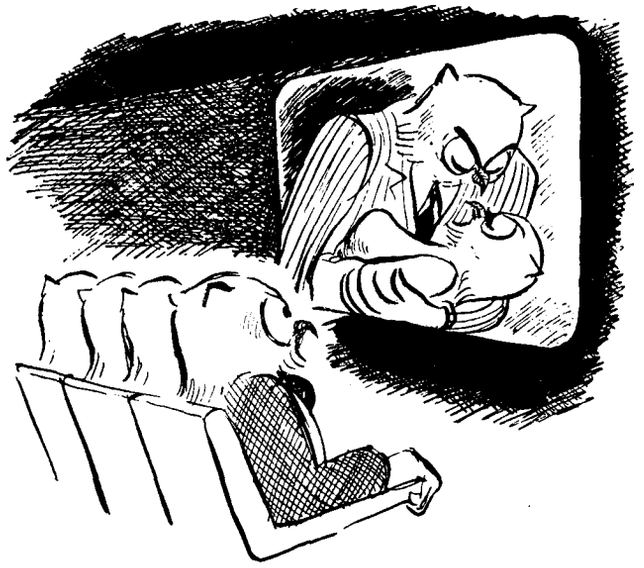


## Twentieth-century mythology

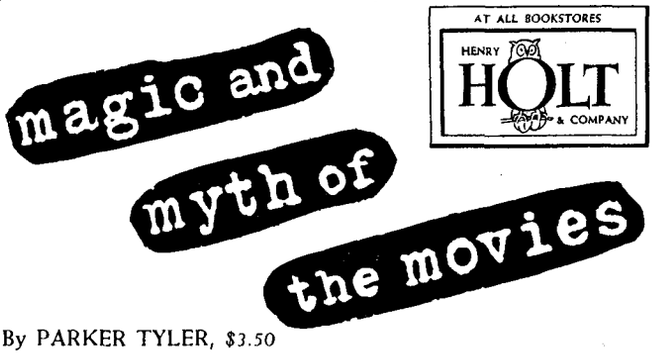
LIKE most of the boys in the back room, books about Hollywood keep on fascinating us. Last fall it was Jim Pollak's novel about a family that grew and broke with the movies, from their early days at Fort Lee to the time they became big business and the little boys dropped out. It was called *The Golden Egg* and you probably remember some of the discussions it started up about the industry. We sat around for a good long time watching sales figures climb and reading reviews either hating or loving the book. We ran a big plus and minus ad, quoting some of the raves and some of the rants, and sat around some more reading *Variety*.

Now we've published a book of criticism about the movies. Unlike Jim Pollak, who's done about everything in the movies, Parker Tyler has never been to Hollywood. He has done criticism, art and theatre; he has written some poetry and an earlier book about the movies called *The Hollywood Hallucination*. With MAGIC AND MYTH OF THE MOVIES, though, millions of professional fans and amateur critics can know for sure that a critic and commentator has stepped up from their own ranks to stay. Tyler was brought up on the movies and never got over it. He has a memory that stretches back to the days of two westerns and a chocolate bar for ten cents on a Saturday afternoon, but he's gone past memory to interpretation. It's not so much the content of current pictures that holds him, but the effect they have on movie-goers, and he explores an under-the-skin, between-the-teeth impact of movies on the minds of millions of the unsuspecting.

Some people can still find only entertainment in pictures, and Tyler admits it. But try to read this book and still believe you're one of them. Having established his premise that there is a whole twentieth-century mythology in the entertainers of the silver screen, and one that unconsciously satisfies the hungers of mass emotion, Tyler draws on particular pictures and particular entertainers to illustrate his theory. He examines individual movies of current vintage, such as *Double Indemnity*, *Mildred Pierce*, and *Dorian Gray*. There are chapters with the following and similar knock-out titles: *Schizophrenia a la Mode*, *Mirage of the Sunken Bathtub*, *Finding Freudism Photogenic*. Individual entertainers like Chaplin, Hepburn, Crawford, and lots more, are gods and goddesses of the new mythology.

We're not suggesting that Parker Tyler has written another *Golden Bough*, and he isn't trying to outsell Freud. He does examine our new myths as surely as Frazier examined the old, and he knows about applied psychology. This is packaged by his own "quick city tongue"—a written language that goes with Hollywood and New York and the trail of the Super Chief that lies between.

MAGIC AND MYTH OF THE MOVIES would have been fun when we were 19, but it's nice to be old enough to remember Saturday movies for a dime and the thrill of hearing Garbo talk for the first time. We may all be more complicated now than in the days of Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor, boy and girl of the American dream, but there's a lot of interest in complication. And there's a lot of interest in publishing Parker Tyler, a critic capable of unwinding some of the threads. We're currently watching sales figures on his book, catching up on *Variety*, and enjoying the publishing dream of good reviews and a long, long sale.

By PARKER TYLER, $3.50

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The Saturday Review of Literature

# The First Persecutor

EDITH HAMILTON

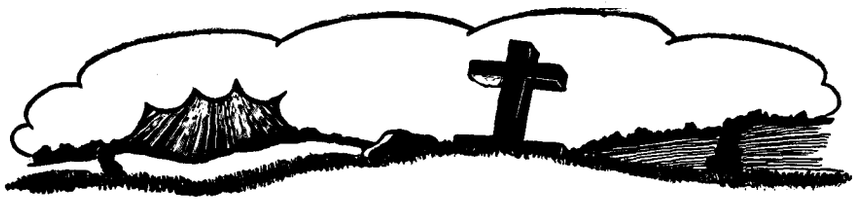
THERE is one brief but notable verse in the Acts of the Apostles which marks the entrance upon the stage of history of two characters who for ages afterward were to play very important roles. The first Christian martyr confronts the first persecutor. "And they stoned Stephen, and the witnesses [it was written in the law of Moses, "The witnesses shall come upon the evil-doer to stone him to death"] laid down their clothes at the feet of a young man named Saul." That is the earliest mention of St. Paul in the Bible—he was called Paul later, we are not told why. On this his first appearance he bears all the marks of a fanatic of the most repellent kind, one who could watch with no motion of pity a man being killed in a brutal and horrible way. He was young, too, yet already hardened into cruelty.

He is an ominous figure as he stands there watching while a living man is battered out of all resemblance to humanity. He is the first persecutor we know of in history to whom we can give a name. The accusers of Socrates brought about his death, but they do not belong in this class. The true persecutor's creed is that objectionable opinions must be stamped out by killing the people who hold them. That was Paul's creed. Socrates's accusers did not want to stamp out an opinion; they wanted to kill one objectionable individual. The ancient world was very tolerant of opinion. There had been some attempts to stamp out the Jewish religion, but they were religious wars rather than persecutions. Stephen's death showed a new spirit stirring in the world, one of the worst that has ever moved mankind. The young man named Saul at whose feet the clothes were laid to keep them from being spattered with blood, was destined to have a long line of successors. It does not take much imagination to see back of him, waiting to follow after him, a great host of men, all those who in the name of the true religious faith or the true political faith have killed and imprisoned and tortured hundreds of thousands, very many of whom died rather than give up what they believed. Foremost in the vanguard of that dreadful army St. Paul once stood.

He was a terrible menace to the little band of Christians. Great endowments were his. He was a man extraordinarily gifted by nature, with an indomitable will, a surpassing capacity of endurance, a master intellect, a brilliant power for organization, a genius for leadership. It is impossible not to believe him ambitious in those early days, aware of his great powers and determined to make his mark. There was scope for strong men in Judaea then. Paul had reason to be confident in his undertaking to extirpate the Christians. What could they put up as defense against an able and ruthless man who had all the forces of fanaticism behind him? They were a feeble folk, the Christians, with absolutely no idea of safety-first in their heads. Even so, they were increasing at a rate that threatened to make them a public nuisance. If Paul could put a stop to the whole movement he stood to gain substantial credit. So, the Acts says, "He made havoc of the church, entering into every house and haling men and women to prison." More especially, he presided over Stephen's death. Then "breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord" he started to Damascus to attack the Christians there.

Only a short time had passed since he watched Stephen die, perhaps only a few days. Those present at that death had seen a strange and arresting sight, the face of the man who was to be stoned. Looking on him, the Acts says, they "saw his face as it had been the face of an angel." Angelic serenity, the peace that passeth all understanding, angelic radiance, the glory of the shining of the true light, that is what they saw as Stephen "looked up steadfastly into heaven," and that is what Paul saw. When the other men there, ordinary common clay, were awe-struck by that look on Stephen's face, what did Paul feel? We know that that cruel young persecutor had deep within him an intensity of feeling, a capacity for love, never surpassed by anyone since. We know that underneath his hard surface was a sensitiveness, a power of perception, exquisite as there could not be more. What would such a one as that feel watching Stephen? He must have started on the journey to Damascus with Stephen's face perpetually before him. In his mind, too, were other memories, of the men and women he had "haled to prison," their fearlessness and gentleness and tranquillity, counting it all joy to suffer for the sake of Christ. He would never have been able to blind those keen eyes of his or steel his passionate heart so that he would not see and be moved by what he hated to see, their unshaken serenity and steadfast courage. Now to that was added Stephen's radiant peace in the extremity of physical pain. As Paul rode along there must have gone with him an agony of doubt and a threat of an approaching agony of remorse.

FROM Jerusalem to Damascus is about a hundred miles as the crow flies. On the winding road it was much more. It was a slow journey, like all journeys in those days. Nothing to divert a man's mind, just monotonous plodding on and on. It is easy to picture that young figure, no longer on fire with fierce determination, but all de-





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flated, jogging dully along, seeing nothing except what he could not blot out from his mind. Stephen had called upon Christ as he died. The two, Stephen and his Lord, were inextricably connected in Paul's misery. So through the long slow hours he suffered. Then, as the journey neared its end, suddenly that happened which changed everything. Anguish of doubt and despairing remorse were lifted from him never to return. Stephen's Lord appeared to him, and in a moment he was changed from persecutor to persecuted, from a man of hate and hateful deeds to a man who was to put into words as no one else ever, the innermost spirit of love and was to show forth its power by beautiful, heroic deeds. A glory of light shone upon him, beneath which he fell to the ground as if physically struck down. A voice sounded in his ears, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" Then—the words are very tender—"It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks." Hard—that voice, that presence, knew. It had been hard past bearing. He had been like an untamed horse fighting against the spurs of memory and conscience and horror at himself. He cried out, "Who art thou, Lord?" and the voice said, "I am Jesus whom thou persecutest." Paul had never heard the words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me," but he knew how it was that he had persecuted Christ himself. In that moment of great awe, of strange quietude, submissiveness came to him, never felt before. He said humbly, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" That in the last analysis was Stephen's victory and the victory of those other nameless men and women in prison, the victory so often to be repeated in after days of the wronged over the wrong-doer, the only complete and final victory.

So St. Paul, the founder of the Christian Church, became a Christian. Never from that moment, as far as we can tell, did he waver. Conflict within himself, bitter conflict, he was indeed often to know. Through his whole life he fought himself, but he never felt again any shadow of doubt. There is an overwhelming conviction of reality when the things unseen come so close that they are truer past all comparison than the things seen. It came to St. Paul with a power so tremendous that it was never afterward even dimmed for him. He lived always with the invisible more real to him than the visible. He had seen the glory of Christ and had heard His voice.

Directly after his conversion he tells us he went "not unto Jerusalem, to them which were apostles before me, but I went into Arabia," some desert spot, no doubt, to be by himself. It is extraordinarily revealing of the kind of man he was that at the

beginning of this completely new life he did not want help from others. He felt no desire to talk to those who had lived with Christ, and yet he knew really nothing about Him. But he wished to know nothing except the vision he had seen. That was sufficient for him and throughout his life it remained sufficient. At this crisis it was all the support he wanted. Made as he was no man could teach him what he had to learn. He must make the tremendous adjustment from hate to love alone with God.

IT WAS three years later that he went to Jerusalem, and how he spent those years we do not know. We do know, however, the result. Paul came back with a conviction which swept away what he had been brought up to believe with ardor, that God was a national God with a chosen people, and a God to whom forms and ceremonies were all important. The great prophets of Israel indeed had denounced ritual and favoritism alike in the name of the Lord. "Vain oblations," said Isaiah, "incense and Sabbaths and feast days an abomination to God. I am weary to bear them, saith the Lord." They had seen not a God who had a chosen nation, but "all nations gathered to the name of the Lord." But their grand outlook had long been lost sight of. Paul rediscovered it in a form that was peculiarly his own. God had made of one blood all nations of men. No person was of more value in His eyes than another, and all were of inestimable value because Christ had died for all. Rites, rituals, ceremonies meant nothing to Him in whom we live and move and have our being.

To reach this point of view was a tremendous achievement for one who had been, he tells us, "a Hebrew of the Hebrews." He tossed aside as of no account the immemorially sacred rite of circumcision: "Neither circumcision availeth anything nor uncircumcision." In Arabia Paul had seen the matter most vital for every human being to see, the relative value of the things men do. His eyes were cleared to see the important and the trivial as in the sight of God. He rose to the conception of a God in whose presence was no place for trivialities. It is true that he did not always keep to that great vision, but if one thinks what it meant for him ever to achieve it with his religious background and his fanatical bent, his lapses, not many after all, seem very human and very understandable. They are only little blots. The real quality of his mind was that which Aristotle calls greatness of soul; a largeness of mental and spiritual outlook marked him.

He sweeps away grandly the sense of superiority, so dear to the human heart, and always the great disrupting force, the most deadly of all in dividing men from each other. Paul would have none of it. "Ye are all children of God," he says. "There is neither Jew nor Greek, neither slave nor free, neither male nor female"—that was one place where he lapsed—"but all are one in Christ Jesus." The words are a declaration of equality, that strange notion which has never been realized on earth and yet can never be banished from men's minds. It was fundamental to Paul: no human being counted more to God than another. Man-made distinctions were mere superficialities which Christ's followers would disdain to notice. Paul's attitude in this fundamental matter is not always esteemed at its true value. The church was not able to live up to it. What would she not have made of the world if she had. But with all her deference to power and wealth and rank, some bit of it she kept and still keeps. To give it up, to admit that an emperor was more important than a slave, she would have had to give up St. Paul. It was he who drew up magnificently and adequately the Christian charter. All men were free and equal before God.

Less important and less grand, but yet with grandeur and profound meaning, is the way he considered the ceremonials of worship, the fastings and holy days and the like which get



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so inextricably mixed up with religion. He dismissed them all, with a kindly tolerance, but with complete finality. He did not denounce them; they were not of enough consequence for that. They were well enough if people fancied them, but they were not to be made important. "One man esteemeth one day above another. He that regardeth the day, regardeth it unto the Lord, and he that regardeth not the day, to the Lord he regardeth it not. One man believeth that he may eat all things. Another who is weak eateth herbs." Certainly, Paul thinks, it is better not to confuse food with religion, but the only thing that matters is a spirit of good will and a readiness to yield in these trifling personal preferences. Good will is not a trifle. "Meat commendeth us not to God, but if meat maketh my brother to be offended I will eat no flesh while the world standeth. We then that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak."

That perfect tolerance, that clear vision of what is actually and eternally important, was reached by the man who had watched Stephen die and who was prepared to kill anyone whose ideas did not agree with his.

The Christian Church could not rise to that height. Nothing is more curious than what the church has chosen to emphasize in the New Testament and what to ignore. The scale of values St. Paul perceived was beyond her power of vision. Any day she declared holy, any fast she proclaimed, had to be observed by all at their peril. But when, as did sometimes happen, St. Paul fell from the heights that were really the home of his spirit when he descended to uttering trivialities, the church seized upon them and made them sacrosanct. So she did when he said women must cover their hair when they prayed. In view of church history there is nothing surprising in the church's taking over what was obviously of no imaginable significance and making a sacred custom of it, but that Paul could say it, is significant. What was most characteristic of him was a sure grasp of the essential, but sometimes he lost it and always when he turned his mind on women.

His distrust and fear of them was at the bottom of his denunciation of marriage which the church, of course, as a mere matter of commonsense, had to ignore. He declared it to be a poor, ignoble thing, a weak concession to human weakness which those that were strong rejected. Some experience in Paul's early life had colored all his thought of women. "I suffer not a woman to teach," he said. "Let her learn in silence with all subjection."

(*Continued on page 32*)

# *Indigens and Interlopers*

*SECOND GROWTH. By Wallace Stegner. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1947. 240 pp. $2.75.*

Reviewed by JOHN WOODBURN

THERE are no two ways about it: I shouldn't be allowed to review books in hot weather. Let the mean, and I mean mean, temperature get around 80° F., with competitive humidity, and I spoil like milk. Book reviewing, at its alleged best, offers little beyond the perverse pleasures of sadism (*"Mr. Spelvin's spastic style is painfully at odds with his static story."*) or maudlin masochism (*"Miss Esterhazy's magnificent novel of unrequited self-love is a searching wind blowing across American life. Her 'Always Look Behind You, Honey' kept this reviewer up until 4 a.m. Try as I might, I could not put it down."*) and reviewing any book in this weather in this town is, in my opinion, something which the Inquisition unaccountably missed.

"Second Growth," by Wallace Stegner, is a case in point. It is a novel set in a New Hampshire village and I read it in cool New England, practically on location, you might say. I read it outdoors, in blue and brilliant weather, with some wonderful mountains standing around me like shills. I was cool and benign, and I rather liked "Second Growth" and made up several pleasant things to say about it. And then I got on a south-bound train and when I got off at Grand Central the City hit me in the face like a hot, used towel.

Since then, every time I have tried to write reasonably about "Second Growth" I have found that my mind closes as my pores open and I catch myself writing things like "competent, transient novel," "the character of Allan Richie is borrowed from East Lynne," "the romance between Abe Kaplan and Ruth Liebowitz seems telescoped, her final acceptance of the New England community insufficiently motivated," "Andy Mount is an idealization." Things like that. True, those things occurred to me up in New Hampshire last week, but there they didn't loom as large.

—*Bachrach.*

**Wallace Stegner's "counterpoint of the balky, passive resistance of the natives to the city folks is the way it really is."**

Wallace Stegner has made up a town called Westwick, in New Hampshire, a speaking likeness (he has caught the tart, sidelong speech of that section with a fine fidelity), and has shown, through three major characters, the impact on one summer season upon the town. Andy Mount, eighteen, wants to go away to school. Andy's mother had connived with his stepfather to burn down the barn for the insurance and Andy couldn't forget that his mother had died in jail. Allan Richie, who held him in virtual peonage as a bound-boy, wouldn't have let Andy forget it anyway. This is the Allan Richie I objected to. Mr. Stegner didn't watch Richie closely enough, and he got away from him and into the ten-twent'-thirt's. Andy is a fine boy, almost too fine a boy, to my way of thinking. He is not as badly done as I am saying, being heat-soured, but still and all, there are times when Horatio Alger could have used him.

Then there is Helen Barlow, who *had* gone away to college, long enough to discover that there was a lot of world around and beyond Westwick, but who had to come back to teach school and keep under the bitter eye of her paralytic father. What Mr. Stegner does with Helen's tragic involvement with Flo Barnes, a decadent Valkyrie from the city is, in this weather or any, as good writing as there is in "Second Growth," which, up there in New Hampshire, seemed a fairly good little book.

Stegner began something pretty interesting, too, with Abe Kaplan and Ruth. Abe had come up from New York, a thistly little Russian tailor with TB, a man of shouting, rigid, radical convictions, who lived in a tent the year round and loved Westwick and criticized it at the top of his voice. When Ruth came up from the City for a lonely, Jew-among-gentiles vacation, Abe loved her and married her and tried to make her love Westwick as he did. I thought, and still think, Mr. Stegner rushes



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them a bit; I would have liked to explore them in greater detail, but the part where Ruth Kaplan waits, fully dressed in bed, for the acceptance of the shivaree which didn't happen is very nice going, Mr. Stegner. (*It must be getting cooler in here!*)

The author's background material is solid and sound and shows he has done some good watching, and the counterpoint of the balky, passive resistance of the natives to the summer city folks is well developed, and the way it really is up there. The professors and the business men and their wives and children who have come up to Westwick summers for so long that they have begun to feel that the town is theirs even though they know it really isn't; the genteel battle between outlanders who over the years have almost become indigenous, and the rocky, rooted natives who want fluorescent lights and marqueed movies over the protests of the city Miniver Cheevys, who want to move Westwick back to 1910 and keep it there—all this Stegner handles with a nice irony and understanding. In fact, now that a cool rain has begun to whisper in the courtyard outside my City window, "Second Growth" is not half-bad; only about a fifth. Maybe if I took it up to the mountains and read it again, I might even cut down that fraction a little.

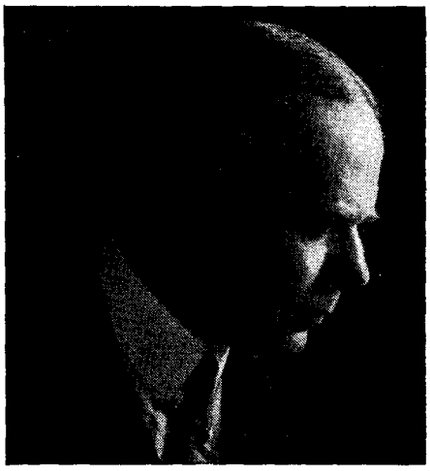
# *Cesare Borgia Again*

*PRINCE OF FOXES. By Samuel Shellabarger. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1947. 433 pp. $3.*

Reviewed by THOMAS CALDECOT CHUBB

IT IS an old saying that lightning never strikes twice, but this proverb does not apply in the world of letters, for there—as most readers ave observed—over and over again two writers choose the same subject or the same thesis, and write books upon it which appear at almost the same time. The reason should be apparent. We do not live in intellectual isolation, and the ideas which preoccupy any one of us are pretty apt to preoccupy us all.

Yet even at that, coincidence—or a common concern — has rarely produced so close a parallel as the one between Samuel Shellabarger's "Prince of Foxes," just now issued, and Maurice Samuel's "Web of Lucifer" which appeared early last winter. Each author asks the same question. Do the ends justify the means? Can you build good from evil? And each answers with a ringing negative. But this only begins the similarity. For the two writers both chose for their protagonist a young man of peasant origin who has been bemused by Cesare Borgia's charm—and by his promise of a united Italy—into becoming one of his more useful accomplices. And each of these young men is won back—or in the Shellabarger book won over—to a less cynical point of view not only by a clear-headed examination of circumstances but by the love of a noble lady and by the intervention of a holy person. (An aged friar in "Web of Lucifer," Saint Lucia of Narni in "Prince of Foxes.") Both volumes have, too, what is technically known as a "happy ending." Virtue triumphs in both. And curiously enough even the names of the heroes are similar—Giacomo *Orso* in the Samuel volume, Andrea *Orsini* in the book by Shellabarger.



**Samuel Shellabarger answers the question, "Can you build good from evil?," with a ringing negative.**

But here the resemblance ends, for once having embarked upon the same theme, each deals with it in his own manner. Mr. Samuel, for example, is a mystic, and although both Cesare Borgia and Machiavelli (who, strangely enough, does not even appear in the Shellabarger book) are more vividly presented than any single character in "Prince of Foxes," he constantly suffers the consequences of the improbabilities created by his mysticism.

But in the Shellabarger volume each character is both plausible and logically developed, and the only improbabilities are those of incident. How can you write a cloak-and-dagger novel without improbable incidents—if there are no chance appearances just at the right moment to save a chapter?—if there are no villains who turn virtuous just when virtue is needed?—if the hero is not always just a little more ingenious and quick-thinking than his adversary, and of course very much quicker with his sword?

For that, after all, is what "Prince of Foxes" really is. It is a cloak-and-dagger novel *par excellence.* The moral background is of little importance. It starts the book in motion. Then you forget it. The story is the thing. It has all the necessary paraphernalia for a cloak-and-dagger novel: episode and suspense and drama. What is going to happen next, and how will it happen? Maskings and unmaskings, spies and counterspies, duellings, swordplay, and murders. And of course two very comely ladies: Camilla Baglioni who loves Orsini yet is faithful to her "noblest Roman" old husband, and Angela Borgia, who is all we ever thought Lucrezia was, and perhaps a little more.

It has actual cloaks and daggers too—for it is laid against a very vividly constructed backdrop of the High Renaissance. "Rome, Venice, and Ferrara!" Professor John Milton Berdan used to hiss to his classes. "Perfectly incredible! Wicked and lovely!" These are its scenes. And loveliest of all, and most important, that miniature Urbino, Cittá del Monte, which I can't seem to find upon my maps of Italy, possibly because it is not there.

It is not contended, to be sure, that this spirited novel is quite as excellent as the same author's "Captain from Castille" of two years ago. But that is praising with faint damns indeed, for that story about sixteenth-century Spain and Mexico was so outstanding a costume romance that it would be hard to duplicate it. Nor is it likely that it will be required reading for your children's children when they study American literature. But if you like historical novels, it is certainly required reading for this summer of 1947. Personally, I do.

*Thomas Caldecot Chubb, Italian Renaissance biographer, has written "The Life of Giovanni Boccaccio" and "Aretino: Scourge of Princes."*

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 694)

T. B. MACAULAY:
*A SPEECH ON INDIA**

To have found a great people sunk in the lowest depths of slavery and superstition, to have so ruled them as to have made them desirous and capable of all the privileges of citizens, would indeed be a title to glory all our own.

**In the House of Commons, July 10, 1833; debate for better government for India.*



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# *Argument for Existentialism*

*THE AGE OF REASON. By Jean-Paul Sartre. Translated by Eric Sutton. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.* 1947. 397 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by RICHARD MCLAUGHLIN

JEAN-PAUL SARTRE's first novel to be published in this country arrives none too soon. Now that existentialism has become the conversational rage in the drawing room as well as in the study hall, perhaps some of the muddled and frivolous notions about this philosophy will be cleared up once and for all. But whether we appreciate existentialism or not, a great many of us are in for a surprise. Mr. Sartre views the present-day homo-sapiens world from his philosophical perch as being made up of existentialists, cowards, and stinkers. As he states in his essay, "L'Existentialisme est un humanisme":

> Those who hide their complete freedom from themselves out of a spirit of seriousness or by means of deterministic excuses, I shall call cowards; those who try to show that their existence was necessary, when it is the very contingency of man's appearance on earth, I shall call stinkers.

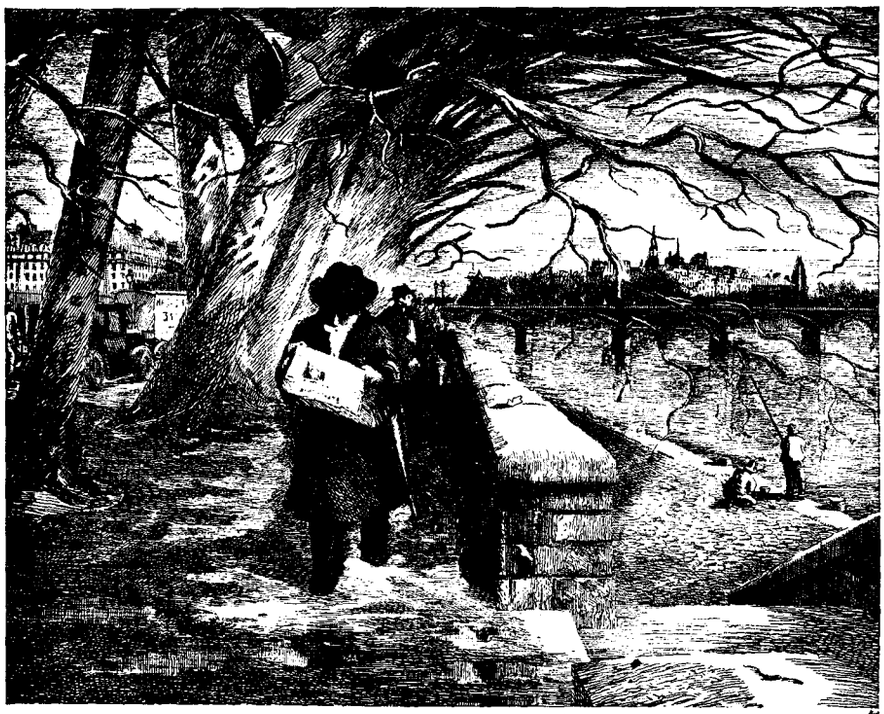
All that remains for us cowards and stinkers now is to judge this first novel of Mr. Sartre's projected trilogy "Roads to Freedom."

"The Age of Reason" will undoubtedly be one of the most talked about books this season. It will be sure to offend some people, make them even violently angry, but there are going to be just as many who will defend or acclaim this novel on its own literary merits. Altogether the work is quite an estimable achievement. Mr. Sartre has already been accused along with other French existentialists of writing about people who are soft, weak, ineffectual, sometimes a thoroughly bad lot. Such criticism is directed, he tells us, against the existential method of presenting characters who are spineless and suggesting they may become heroes through their own action. The existentialists say that the coward makes himself cowardly, the hero makes himself heroic. Quietism has no place in the existential concept. Action or total involvement is the sole reality. From this we are asked to assume that existentialism, rather than being a pessimistic doctrine, is one of "optimistic toughness."

Mathieu Delarue, Sartre's protagonist, is typical of the vacillating, self-tortured intellectual we met throughout the world in 1938. He teaches philosophy in Paris, has a mistress, Marcelle, whom he has been visiting secretly for the past seven years. Like a drowning man he is clinging to his principles. To Mathieu they represent his freedom; but his own conscience tells him that his fastidious aloofness, his not wanting to be involved, or make decisions like other people, is sheer cowardice; he finds that he has renounced a place alongside other men for "nothingness." "No one has interfered with my freedom; my life has drained it dry," concludes Mathieu. But he does not attain this awareness of the "age of reason" until he has been driven to steal in order to raise money for an abortion for Marcelle, who, with the possibility of a coming child, represents slavery to him. Not until his homosexual friend Daniel has proven the validity of self-action, giving Mathieu the first inkling of the freedom of his act by marrying Marcelle himself, does Mathieu reach the first stage of existential thinking.

Mr. Sartre may well be attacked by the squeamish for emphasizing the darker side of human life in his novel. And there are times when, according to Mlle. Mercier, the Catholic critic, "the smile of the child" would be welcome; or certainly some bright, gayly ringing laughter which would relieve the stark, sordid pictures which pass relentlessly before us. But this will never be: for existentialism, as Sartre himself says, is "the most austere of doctrines . . . intended strictly for specialists and philosophers." He disowns all popularization of the word. Sartre is saying through the medium of fiction that as soon as we realize what a mess we have made of things, have fully let it sink into our brain that *"angst"* is not a word in Freudian literature to be playfully kicked around, that forlornness, despair, anguish, are not grandiloquent words of our times but part of man and his responsibility to his existence—then will we become acutely aware of what freedom is.

Few readers who know Paris can fail to be struck by Sartre's knowledge of and feeling for Parisian life —its cafés, its Montparnasse streets, its myriad sights, sounds, and smells. And like the best of the Russian and French novelists, Sartre is never unmindful of his first obligation to tell a story. Tiresome, petty, disagreeable as are the esthetes, students, and liberals who make up Mathieu's little group—they represent an excellent argument for existentialism. With more than generous helpings of anatomical detail, phallic references, and boudoir scenes, Sartre manages to put over his main effects by shock. In fact, brilliant, original as much of this writing is, the total effect of the novel is more provocative than enjoyable. The book has a very distinct appeal to the intellect and a correspondingly sad lack of appeal to the emotions. The heart is never in danger of quickening or missing a beat but comes far too perilously close to freezing against Sartre's wretched people.



*—From "All Men Have Loved Thee."*

**"Few who know Paris can fail to be struck by Sartre's feeling for Parisian life—its cafés, its Montparnasse streets, its myriad sights, sounds, and smells."**



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# *Handmaiden to Hitler*

*I. G. FARBEN. By Richard Sasuly. New York: Boni & Gaer. 1947. 312 pp. $3.*

*TREASON'S PEACE. By Howard Watson Ambruster. New York: The Beechhurst Press. 1947. 438 pp. $3.75.*

Reviewed by JOSEPH PRENDERGAST

"I. G. FARBEN" was written as a result of Richard Sasuly's military assignment with the American Section of the Allied Control Council in Germany in 1945 and his civilian work thereafter as the head of Intelligence and Liaison of the Finance Division of that council. Mr. Sasuly begins his story with a vivid picture of Germany in the closing days of the war and strips the camouflage nets from old and new German factories to reveal a high industrial potential in a temporarily defeated but unconquered country. He describes I. G. Farbenindustrie A. G. before the war as dominating more than 380 other German firms and as the center of a network of international cartels which controlled an imposing array of products from oil to rubber, from nitrogen to nickel, and from dyes to synthetic silk. Outside Germany it encompassed 500 other firms—the biggest and strongest chemical combine in the entire world—able to hold its own against the most powerful corporations, including Standard Oil of New Jersey, Dutch Royal Shell, the Aluminum Company of America, the British Chemical Industries, and DuPont.

The author pays particular attention to Hitler's rise to power with the help of the industrialists and he points out that the Nazis' decline in 1932 was halted by a huge election fund of which I. G. contributed some ten per cent. The countless services which I. G. performed for the Nazis abroad included contributing liberally to the support of German culture in foreign lands, fostering Nazi propaganda, and putting pressure on local papers for publicity favorable to Germany. As for its espionage, it was done on so unprecedented a scale that it became one of the main props of both army and Nazi Party intelligence and did its best to weaken the economic strength of other nations.

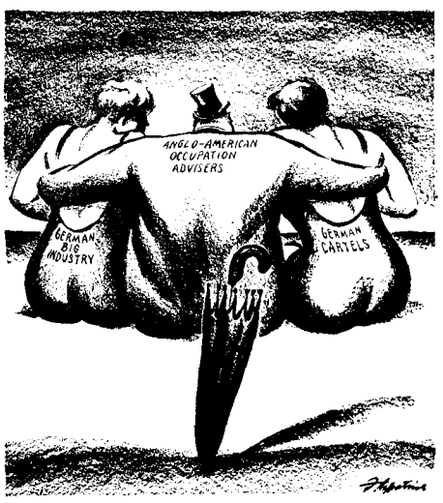
Outside of Europe the biggest concentration of I. G. agencies and camouflaged subsidiaries was in Latin America, where there were at least 117 I. G. branches as well as several manufacturing plants. The success of I. G.'s economic warfare against the Western Hemisphere was to be reflected later in the critical shortage America's war effort was to suffer in such important materials as aluminum, magnesium, atabrine, tungsten, carbide, and rubber.

Farben was very active in adapting the industries of the conquered countries to the purposes of the German war machine. It also played a part in sending millions of slave workers from these countries to work in Germany, and in some I. G. plants the bulk of the unskilled work was done by slave labor from the farms of central Europe.

From its inception I. G. Farben had been at war with the rest of the world, with the United States as a main target. After Pearl Harbor the United States hit back. There were at least seven companies here which could be called assets of I. G. Several of these were cartel links between I. G. and American corporations which were broken, at least temporarily, by the war. They could, of course, be resumed in the future. The most important of the other companies were General Aniline and General Dyestuffs. These were taken over by the United States Government during the war, but the question of their future ownership has not yet been settled. The main danger in the handling of I. G.'s American assets is a return to German control. In this connection, it should be remembered that after World War I the German assets which had been seized reverted to German control in an astonishingly short time and the movement toward international cartels proved too strong to be resisted by American companies.

In the last analysis the future of I. G. Farben hinges on the program adopted by the Big Three at Potsdam, their occupation policies, and the terms of the final peace treaty. Sasuly believes that the Russians have moved generally in the direction of a peace treaty which would end in a thorough wiping out of the German war-making potential; that the British, from the very beginning of the occupation period, have fought consistently for a program much easier on the Germans, and that the representatives of the United States have tried to move both ways at once but have landed alongside the British. As a result, in the American zone at least, the denazification, the demilitarization, and the deindustrialization of Germany have been a complete failure.

By concentrating on the transfer of machinery instead of payments in cash or goods, the Potsdam system would shift the balance of industrial power from the world center of fascism to the countries which suffered the most from German aggression. Reparations are the key to the control of Germany and its supreme war producer, I. G. Farben. Relations with Russia are the key to reparations. In the heat of strife, therefore, between the Western powers and the Soviet Union, the work of the military occupation of Germany is paralyzed and I. G. Farben gains strength once more.




*—Fitzpatrick in "St. Louis Post-Dispatch."*

**Upper-Level Fraternization.**

* * *

"Treason's Peace" is the story of the hidden influence of the German dye trust inside America before and during two world wars, with a glimpse into its influence in Latin America. The story ranges from an exposé of commercial corruption on the part of American representatives of German dye interests in 1912 to the Nuremberg trials of 1946. Particular attention is given to Congressional committee hearings and to administrative investigations by the SEC and other Government agencies. Mr. Ambruster cites some of his own untiring efforts, beginning in the 1920's, to warn the American public, and to induce the Government to act against the Farben conspiracy to disarm this nation in preparation for a new war.

Farben's relations with such American companies as Standard Oil of New Jersey, DuPont, the Dow Chemical Co., the Aluminum Company of America, and the Ford Motor Company, consisted of agreements, partnerships, and subsidiary controls of every conceivable kind for sharing processes, patents, profits, and markets, as well as verbal understandings and personal ties and obligations. The almost complete abandonment of anti-trust law enforcement, the author points out, made many of their combinations inevitable and made Farben's technique possible. At first every



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attempt was made to camouflage Farben's interests, but towards the end of the 1920's there was a period when they were openly pursued, as in the case of the formation of the American I. G. Chemical Corporation in 1929. Later Farben was to regret this frankness and was to do everything it could to Americanize that company.

A considerable amount of space is devoted in the book to a discussion of the activities of the Anti-Trust Division of the Department of Justice and the many actions brought against Farben interests and affiliates. The activities of the Treasury Department and the Alien Property Custodian in relation to Farben interests are also reviewed in detail. Mr. Ambruster claims that members of the Senate and the House of Representatives uncovered evidence of Farben's plans in almost every session of Congress from the end of World War I to the beginning of World War II, and that they knew the identity and activities of the hordes of lobbyists who haunted Washington in the interests of Farben—but did nothing until the 1941 and 1942 exposures and prosecutions. The failure of Congress to act was not due to lack of ample information or of repeated warnings.

The book concludes with the statement that "the foregoing constitutes a small part of the record, and of the proofs available that the conspiracy to save the Farben war criminals from punishment, to revive the Farben structure, and to renew the Farben carry-over tie-ups, here and elsewhere, is proceeding on schedule."

As a piece of crusading journalism and as an emotional appeal to the conscience of the nation "Treason's Peace" is an excellent bit of writing. The author is, however, under too much compulsion to prove that I. G. Farben "must" be recognized as a "cabalistic" organization aiming at world conquest to make the book a well-balanced study. While the author's judgment may be questioned and his facts challenged, there can be no questioning of his sincerity, honesty, and zeal. However, he shows little discrimination in the valuation of authorities and no appreciation of what constitutes evidence. Too many of his alleged authorities are referred to as "trade rumors," "common knowledge," and "general reports," and too many of his so-called facts are introduced by such phrases as "it is said" and "it was reported."

At times he fails to appreciate that, as a layman, he may have misunderstood or misinterpreted the law or submitted his facts to officials who did not have the power or authority to act. Nor does the author take into account that in a democratic non-totalitarian society such as the United States there are definite limits beyond which the power and authority of the state cannot and should not go. This does not mean that the people are therefore helpless to protect themselves or to correct abuses. It merely means that law and force have their limits and beyond those limits we must turn to public opinion and to education for the control and the correction of abuses of freedom.

The story of I. G. Farben in the United States is not, in the last analysis, a story of the failure of law enforcement but of the failure of social controls other than statutory.

*Joseph Prendergast was assistant chief of the War Division's Special War Policies Unit in the Justice Department.*

# *Correspondents' Résumé*

*THE BALKANS: Frontier of Two Worlds. By William B. King and Frank O'Brien. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.* 1947. 278 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT LEE WOLFF

THIS correspondents' summary of recent events in the Balkans (including Turkey) makes available for the first time in book form an account of some of the post-war political and economic developments which have led to the present sharp division of Southeast Europe into mutually hostile Soviet and Western spheres of influence. The most important part of the story which King and O'Brien might have been expected to tell is the success of the USSR in asserting its domination over the four northern Balkan countries. The main techniques of the Russians have been similar throughout the area; the details of the process have varied depending upon the strength and reliability of the indigenous Communists, upon the degree of native pro-Slav sentiment, and upon the amount of counter-influence which the Western powers have been able or willing to exert. Despite these local variations, however, a remarkably uniform pattern of political and economic behavior has emerged, a pattern which the American reader must understand to appreciate the problems which confront his government in dealing with Moscow. Unfortunately, the country-by-country organization of the material in this book obscures this overall pattern, only portions of which emerge from the narrative.

The authors have outlined fairly accurately the transformation of the Yugoslav Partisan resistance movement with its mass non-Communist base, into Tito's Communist, totalitarian regime. Their account of the Mihailovich case is without bias. They cleverly sketch the leading personalities of the Soviet-sponsored puppet government in Rumania, and the political developments which led to its installation. They detail sympathetically the one-man fight of Mr. Maynard Barnes, United States political representative in Bulgaria, against growing Communist influence. They know much less about Albanian affairs; their chapters on Turkey are pedestrian, while those on Greece are altogether inadequate to explain the present continuing internal and external crisis in which that unhappy country finds itself plunged, and which has given rise to the Truman doctrine.

The contents of the book add very little to what a regular reader of the newspapers will have learned over the past two years. Only a feeble attempt has been made to present background material on the Balkans, all-important in enabling anybody not an expert to understand the complex issues involved. Such basic historical and economic material as is to be found in the book is superficial and often inaccurate. The statement, for example, that "the Balkans have always bred anti-Semitism" is seriously misleading, since, of the countries considered, only Rumania has ever had a genuine anti-Semitic movement. Again, repeated references to Rumania as "fabulously wealthy" would seem to indicate that, like many foreigners, the authors have been dazzled by the glitter of Bucharest's small upper class. Although Rumanian agricultural and industrial resources are greater than those of the



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other Balkan countries, sober statistics on crop yields, standard of living, and public health show that the overwhelming majority of Rumanians live about as their Balkan neighbors do. These are only two examples of many. Indeed, the authors do not give the American layman, to whom the book is presumably addressed, any idea of what a peasant society is really like. Instead, they focus their attention upon the headline incident, dramatic interview, or striking anecdote, almost meaningless when told out of context.

The writing is slip-shod, tasteless, and often illiterate. The comparison of recent Greek history to "a corny movie serial" is callous and offensive. When the authors generalize, as in the first chapter of the book, their sentences grow turgid with a succession of inept and mixed metaphors. There are frequent efforts to be folksy ("Bulgaria and Serbia have the Pan-Slav yen"); proper names are regularly misspelled (Damaskinos, Clark-Kerr); and ordinary English words misused (nadir for zenith).

King and O'Brien's book hardly lives up to the billing on the dust jacket, which calls it "an essential book for the student of current affairs." This is all the more unfortunate, since there is an obvious need for a book which renders genuinely intelligible to the American reader the swift and tragic march of the most recent events in the Balkans, where the question of mankind's survival may yet be decided.

*Robert Lee Wolff served as chief of the Balkan Section of the Research and Analysis Branch of the OSS.*

**FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 213**

*A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 213 will be found in the next issue.*

ZYXWVTSW YR RQTV PVOVWN

ZYXWVTSW YR MLKWJV.

PVX HYXNYX—NVHQXJN

*Answer to Literary Crypt No. 212*

In itself an oath is no more sacred than a lie is contemptible.
MAX STIRNER
The Ego and His Own.

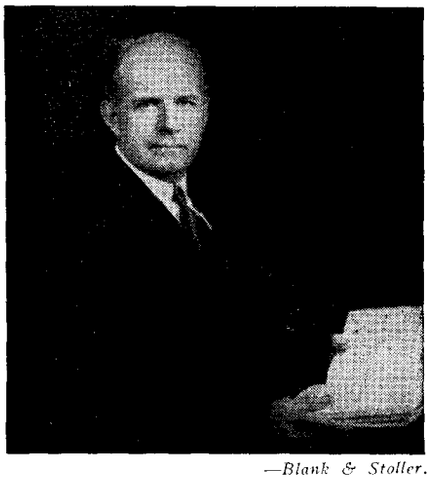
# *Eloquent Brief*

*ETERNAL LAWYER: A LEGAL BIOGRAPHY OF CICERO. By Robert N. Wilkin. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1947. 264 pp. $3.*

Reviewed by MILTON R. KONVITZ

LIVY, who was sixteen years old when Cicero died, said of Cicero: "Yet if one weighs his virtues with his faults, he deserves a place in history as a truly great man, and another Cicero would be required to praise him adequately." In this, the nineteenth biography of Cicero in English, another Cicero praises him adequately. The book was written by an advocate in his professional capacity: an oration on behalf of Cicero. No lawyer could write a more eloquent brief on behalf of his client.

If Cicero had inordinate pride and egotism and always courted public favor, his bid for popularity, Judge Wilkin maintains, was always based on a sincere regard for the welfare of the people. If he was a proud nationalist, it was because he was a Roman devoted to universal principles. If his official conduct did not conform to his political ideals, "that was due to the conditions of the world, not to any weakness of his own nature." If now and then an oration of his was lacking in sound legal principle, it was "nevertheless charged with exalted sentiments." If at times he represented clients with questionable cases, let it be noted that "it is to the credit of the legal profession generally that it is more frequently blamed for overzealous loyalty to undeserving clients than for faithfulness or treachery to clients." It is true that Cicero practised the artifices and tricks of the legal profession, "but he admitted that he did. It is therefore also true that he was intellectually honest." If Cicero at times sacrificed his ideals to expediency, we must remember that "there are times when a public man must do so." "Charity impels us to remember," says Judge Wilkin, "how few philosophers have regulated their lives by their precepts. . . . Cicero, moreover, was as much artist as philosopher, and some allowance must be made for artistic temperament." If Cicero ingratiated himself with the leaders of a victorious party whom he had opposed as unprincipled and subversive of law and the public order, Judge Wilkin reminds us that a man must try to be of service to his time. Cicero had his faults and vices, the author admits, "but when we understand that they are only overaccentuated phases of the lawyer's essential traits of character, we can view them charitably." In a word: when one considers that Cicero was a lawyer, a statesman, a philosopher, and an artist, one must expect to find in his character many undesirable traits, even vices, and in his life much mischief.



*—Blank & Stoller.*

**Robert N. Wilkin: "Charity impels us to remember that few philosophers have regulated their lives by their precepts."**

I am not sure that this lawyer's biography would please Cicero. He was much less charitable towards himself. In a private letter he confessed: "I know I have been a regular ass." He often boasted that in at least one case he had cast dust into the eyes of the jury. He never claimed to have been a great legal expert and was not ashamed to consult others who knew more law.

Despite this "legal biography," we shall not now begin to think of Cicero chiefly as a lawyer. We prefer to remember him as one who, though he lived a very busy life, found time to cultivate philosophy and the art of letters. His intellectual superiority is clearly manifested in the series of political and philosophical treatises, beautiful in style, which have enriched immeasurably Western civilization; and his letters still serve as a primary source of Roman history. Although not as great a figure in classical Latin literature as Horace or Virgil, his place among the great writers is secure; and one can express only gratitude to the editors of the Loeb Classical Library for devoting over a score of volumes to the writings of Cicero. It is too late to claim him for the law; he belongs to our intellectual history and to humane letters.

*Milton R. Konvitz, associate professor, New York State School of Industrial and Labor Relations, wrote "The Constitution and Civil Rights."*



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# *Terrapins and Turniptops*

*OZARK SUPERSTITIONS. By Vance Randolph. New York: Columbia University Press.* 1947. 339 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by THOMAS HART BENTON

VANCE RANDOLPH has investigated almost every place between the Missouri River on the north and the Ouachita River on the south, every place, in fact, where a spur of the Ozarks piles up or juts out. He is the main Ozark authority. He has collected factual stories about the region, invented stories as true as the factual ones, and gathered for the Missouri Historical Society hundreds of Ozark songs and tunes which are now being issued volume by volume. Vance has been a real hillbilly himself. Deliberately, and by preference he has lived what he writes about. He knows in a close-up fashion about corncob and hickory-chip smoked sausage and sowbelly and turniptops and plenty about what comes out of Ozark jugs, though as to this, it is said, the years have made him cautious and disinclined to continued search.

On the life he has spent and by the work which has come out of it Vance has been of very considerable service to history. He has had fun with his adventures and stories, but he has also done a job for the record that needed to be done. He has accomplished this, as he himself notes, in the face of that ignorant respectability of ambitious towns which nearly always sees truth as a slur on itself.

Vance Randolph is a pretty brave man, much braver, for instance, than I am. When I write a story or draw a true picture about a place, I get out of it and never come back. Vance stays put in the middle of his subject matter and takes the rap from the chambers of commerce, from the ladies who belong to Browning clubs (yes, we still have 'em) and from all the small-town Rotary boys who have two or three bucks extra in the bank and are intent on forgetting that Pappy smelt like hog pens and "chawin" tobacco.

In this last book about Ozark superstitions Vance stays close to the old folks and to those true children by the hills who after a look at the towns or a turn in the Army beat it back where they came from. Of these latter there are many even after the dispersals of World War II. Any run off the highways of the hill country proves it. There are still young men and women who are apparently immune to the blandishments of the radio, the movies, and the slick paper

—*Thomas Hart Benton.*

"I Got a Gal on Sourwood Mountain."

magazines and who would rather live and raise their kids in the shade of earth corn traditions than in the glare of modern factory lights—cash money or no cash money. Even when they don't wholly believe the old stories these young folks act upon a lot of them in their farming and tell about them when they are loafing.

Just a few weeks ago down in an Oklahoma small-town hamburger joint I overheard a country boy say jokingly to another:

"Gonna rain like hell tonight."

"How you know?"

"Terrapins climbin' up hill. Dry land turtles never climb up unless there's gonna be too much water in the bottoms."

This is one Vance missed. I probably wouldn't have remembered it myself but for the fact that when night came it did rain. It rained a perfect flood with a scary wind to boot. This was the night of May 31 when Reedy, Oklahoma, was hit and destroyed by a tornado, and quick flood waters washed out bridges all up and down the state.

I now believe in the sign of terrapins climbing up hill, and I'll bet the boy who told it and every other backwoods jake who ever heard of it does also.

# *Prospecting for Folk Songs*

*THE ADVENTURES OF A BALLAD HUNTER. By John A. Lomax. New York: Macmillan & Co.* 1947. 302 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by ALBERT N. WILLIAMS

IN THE list of labors of love, the lifetime of effort by John Lomax, later joined by his son Alan, in collecting and preserving native folk ballads, will stand well forward. John Lomax came upon the scene during the twilight days of this once lusty form of expression, just as radio was beginning to replace play-parties and barn dances with the hit-of-the-week directly from Hollywood and New York. Fearful for the fast forgetting of the old songs, he procured some complex recording equipment, which he mounted in the back of an old Ford, and spent the better part of two decades rattling through prison camps, revival meetings, mass baptisms, county fairs, weddings, and funerals, up and down the back counties, collecting scraps of old tunes, half-remembered words, and rare versions of the standard ballads.

Thousands of these recordings now repose in the Library of Congress, where they are finally preserved from the certain loss that Lomax foresaw. From this vast collection he has earlier selected the better known items and arranged three anthologies, "Cowboy Songs & Other Frontier Ballads," "American Ballads and Folk Songs," and "Our Singing Country."

This newest book of Mr. Lomax's, while it contains the words of a number of songs, is not another collection. It is the story of his life of song prospecting. It is an interesting book in many ways beyond the actual story itself. In this day when men and women of accomplishment in so many fields are "telling" their biographies to collaborators, or having them ghosted for magazine publication, readers have become slightly dazed by the uniformly high style of intensely personal narratives. The disadvantage of this consistency of style is that all these biographies tend to sound the same, and the one distinguishing facet becomes clouded—the individual's personality.

Happily, Mr. Lomax did not take a stylist to his bosom. He merely set down the story of his search as he would tell it, and as he has told portions of it, to delighted audiences all over the United States. He describes the many disappointments he has had to digest at the hands of unsympathetic persons who hindered his activities for the simple fact that they saw no reason in his pursuit. Prison wardens, poor farm managers, plantation overseers, stewards of some of the most important cultural legacies



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this country has ever had, yet they accepted Mr. Lomax and his recording devices with reluctance, and gave him only the most cursory assistance.

On the other hand, in practically every case the folk themselves, the men and women who knew the songs, and to whom the songs were the only means of personality expression of any sort, gave Mr. Lomax every possible aid. In most cases they did not understand the purpose of either the collecting or the machinery concerned. The elaborate recording device frightened them, puzzled them, and gave them stage-fright. However, with a patience that is rare to the average person, and found only in true scholars and artists, Mr. Lomax coaxed them out of their shyness and their fear, and managed to reach deep down in their memories for songs that had already passed beyond the borders of extinction.

In most instances the singers rose to the occasion to guarantee a token of immortality for themselves.

But beyond the personal handicaps which Mr. Lomax encountered at the hands of unsympathetic individuals, there was the lack of interest in American folk material that characterized publishing houses, universities, and private foundations. Only through years of patient research did he bring to these people enough material to convince them of the need for funds to pursue his vocation on a sound professional basis. Luckily, the importance of his work was at last recognized, and he was given adequate support. Today, the magnificent collection of recordings that he has deposited in The Library of Congress, which are at the disposal of writers, musicians, and scholars, represent a life's work of the first magnitude. This book is a genuinely moving apostrophe to that collection, and will be a valuable addition to any library of Americana.

# *The Clock and the Miracle*

*THE AGE OF ANXIETY. By W. H. Auden. New York: Random House. 1947. 138 pp. $2.50.*

By Kathleen Sutton

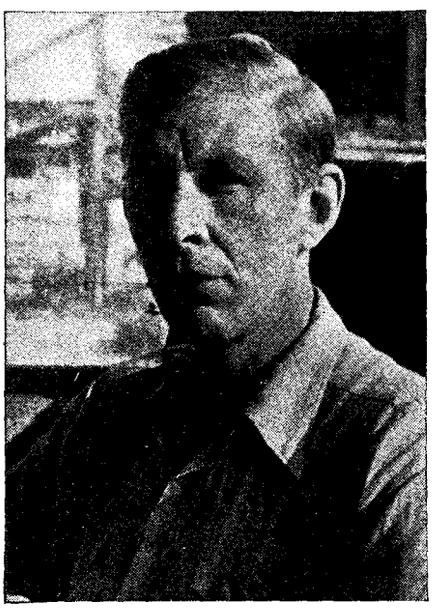
AUDEN'S "baroque ecloque" of Quant, Malin, Rosetta, and Emble on All Souls' Night presents the paradox of human existence, at once in time and in eternity, and the dilemma expressed by Malin in the epilogue:

> We're quite in the dark: we do not
> Know the connection between
> The clock we are bound to obey
> And the miracle we must not despair of.

The prologue, in a Third Avenue bar any autumn of the late war, turns on the refrain: "Many have perished; more will." The four speakers then move, from specific space and time, into a colloquy on the seven ages of man. Their several reminiscences merge into history and pre-history, punctuated by radio and juke box. Reminiscence, inner time, transforms next to a timeless fantasy world, an allegory shared by the four alcohol-released participants. The ancient allegory of pilgrimage in search of lost Eden travels now by dream-plane, train, trolley-car, bicycle, canoe, through real country and city become unreal, turned to wasteland, and returned to inescapable place and time. The Dantean road by way of mountain and wood leads to a hell and purgatory of terror in the familiar scene. The way on, however, is not to the rose of light but back to the world.

This return invokes several commentaries. A Dirge, in chorus, laments the "lost dad," the human leader who solves all mortal trouble. Next, the Masque, the almost but not successful love, will not, after all, create the "happy future." The epilogue offers further alternatives, Quant's cheerio agnosticism and Malin's faith that:

> It is where we are wounded that is when He speaks
> Our creaturely cry, concluding His children
> In their mad unbelief to have mercy on them all
> As they wait unawares for His World to come.



W. H. Auden's 'imagination is not that of a dramatic poet . . . [his] figures are ideas, not whole persons."

The rendering in alliterative verse is effective, seldom troubled by the Swinburnean accident of comic tone in serious context. Malin, of the four speakers, is most nearly a developed character. Quant and Rosetta are somewhat more individual than Emble. Emble's youth may excuse this uncertain quality; his speeches could occasionally, lacking the tag, be attributed to any other of the three characters. But his final portrait, given by Rosetta, is not consonant with characteristics suggested in several of his earlier appearances. The Dirge and the Masque, which allow most scope to Auden's inimitable gift for jesting-in-earnest and his wry wit of language, are, with the prologue and the last speeches of Rosetta and Malin, the high points of penetration and craftsmanship.

This newest work is a distinct advance beyond "The Sea and The Mirror" and "For the Time Being," to both of which it is related by themes and method. Some current appraisals of Auden to the contrary, his imagination is not that of a dramatic poet. He is a superb rhetorician, but he neither creates character nor sets up dramatic action. His figures are devices to express effective meditation. This characteristic is most marked in his present work. Though the final speeches of Rosetta and Malin are memorable poetry, preparation for Malin's valedictory has been slight; and, for Rosetta's surging irony in lamentation, the reader has scarcely been prepared at all. Auden's figures are ideas, not whole persons.

This in no way impugns Auden's deservedly distinguished position in English poetry; it suggests only that his incursions, since the early thirties, into semi-dramatic forms tend to disperse his major powers. "The Age of Anxiety" is the more successful precisely because it is an eclogue, a form germane to Ideas talking.

# *Prestige*

By Kathleen Sutton

ALL ignorant of the human brain
Bent on its lofty enterprise,
The ant, with self-approving eyes,
Masters his own precise domain.

Efficiently, with due aplomb,
He builds great shelters out of sand,
And undertakes, as heaven planned,
Economies of seed and crumb.

Thus occupied, by work and wit
He boldly shapes his universe,
And dies no better or no worse
Than had an atom never split.



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# *Forms for Freedom*

*FEARFUL SYMMETRY: A Study of William Blake. By Northrop Frye. Princeton, N. J.: Princeton University Press.* 1947. 428 pp. + *notes & index.* $5.

Reviewed by LLOYD FRANKENBERG

NORTHROP FRYE'S work is the third book on Blake to appear in recent months. Preceding it were Mark Schorer's penetrating study "William Blake: The Politics of Vision" and the very able selections and abridgments made by Alfred Kazin for the "Portable Blake." To some extent, Mr. Frye's book rounds out their work. He deals with the cosmic meanings in Blake, which Mr. Schorer subordinated to an historical and psychological approach.

Possibly Mr. Frye's treatment was conditioned by this very choice; just as his choice of a title is indicative of his prose style. For Mr. Frye is rarely capable of critical detachment. He identifies himself so completely with Blake's world vision, or view of the universe, that his sentences twist and turn in serpentine fury, lashing out at any qualification he suspects might lurk in the reader's mind. His admiration leads him to exclaim, "It is wrong to say that Blake could never have made a dramatist: Blake could have done anything." It is the zeal, apparently, of one who has traveled a theological road very similar to Blake's own, has had his eyes opened by Blake, and is now beholding a totally new landscape.

This could have been, and intermittently is, a fascinating landscape. Mr. Frye quite rightly assures us that a capacity to see through William Blake's symbolic eyes opens up new worlds, not only in Blake's own Prophetic Books, but in all poetry. His grand theme of the Fall, the Creation, the Redemption, and the Apocalypse is one that has haunted all poetry and all religion. Mr. Frye brings together a wealth of parallels and sources — Milton, Swedenborg, Spenser, Norse mythology, the classical myths, and the various Biblical accounts. Unfortunately, his handling of this material is not very systematic. It comes in piecemeal, in the course of his examination of Blake, and always to prove Blake superior. This leaves Mr. Frye in a rather equivocal critical position. He is maintaining, at one and the same time, that Blake's symbolism is more "gospel" than the gospels, and yet authenticated by them.

It is an ambivalence that lay at the heart of Blake's work. Having a profound awareness that institutions are extinct intuitions, Blake labored mightily to free insight from dogma, "to cast aside from Poetry all that is not Inspiration." Yet burdened with a dogmatic heritage, he needed some higher authority in his very revolt against all authority, political, clerical, or poetic. This is the central problem of modern man. Blake, in his person and in his poetry, suffered its total impact.

Mr. Frye appears to take Blake quite literally in imputing to classical and Biblical myth symbolic meanings "truer" than their literal or historical validity. Similarities of pattern in these varying myths had suggested to Blake, as to others before and since, that they drew their source from some common original, now lost

but preserved in hints and bits scattered throughout the world; somewhat the opposite of Hans Andersen's uglifying mirror. This earlier myth must have been the real insight, now distorted, even reversed, in the codes of priests and lawgivers. Blake seized upon it for his authority. The Fall was not a fall of man but of God, the giant Albion. Conversely the gods we worship are not God but Man, the state to which Albion—all-inclusive man—fell. When men realize this, Albion shall awake and again assume divinity.

This is the barest outline of Blake's framework within which he invented numerous characters and a complicated machinery to account for the recurrent cycle of oppression and revolt, which goes on simultaneously in history and in the heart of man. For Blake there was no distinction between "outer" and "inner" experience. We become what we behold, and the world is as we see it. His allegory was both of States and "states of man." What he wanted was a form that would express this doubled and redoubled vision with unity, rather than by contrasting "Songs of Innocence" and "Songs of Experience." Essentially a lyric poet, what he had hoped to be epics turned out to be longer and longer lyrics. The machinery became progressively less and less adequate. Perhaps the chief failure was in his choice of symbols. He wanted to free his poetry from too close association with any one myth, yet have a clearly mythical association. The names he chose—Urizen, Los, Enitharmon, Enion, Orc, Urthona, and many others suggest a rather cloudy generalization of the whole Graeco-Roman Pantheon. Since they are scarcely characterized, they become, ironically, featureless as atoms. Their frequent conflicts, copulations, and mergings of identity lose dramatic impact.

Under all this, however, lies a real and magnificent play of ideas. Unhappily Mr. Frye does not have a gift for exposition. Too often, in his effort to interpret Blake "in terms of his own theory of poetry," he compounds confusion by explaining Blake's symbolism in terms of the symbols. "It is clearly a matter of considerable importance to human life," he says on page 298, "whether the Spectre of Urthona is under Los's guidance or not, and as the Orc cycle declines, the question becomes more and more critical."

This is not to suggest that what Mr. Frye does do is without value. He succeeds, more than once, in getting inside the poems, living in them, and from them looking out at the world. This is perhaps the height of discipleship. I only wish he might have organized his material with more of a view to leading the reader into these labyrinths, the better to share Mr. Frye's insights, or outlook.

Mr. Frye supplies a valuable link between "An Island in the Moon," Blake's early prose travesty, and "Ulysses." For Blake—of whom W. H. Auden has said, "The whole of Freud's teaching may be found in 'The Marriage of Heaven and Hell'"—is also the "old father, old artificer, stand me now and ever in good stead," addressed by James Joyce when in "A Portrait of the Artist" he sets forth "to encounter for the millionth time the reality of experience and to forge in the smithy of my soul the uncreated conscience of my race." "Finnegans Wake" is still another Fall of Albion, along with Humpty Dumpty, Wall Street, a sleeper named Earwicker, and the tower and tongues of Babel. In it Blake's search for those Minute Particulars, which should be at once individual and universal, is realized. And as the Liffey, in a final "freeing of the waters," swings out to sea again—that sea from which it will be driven back by the tide to rebegin the book and rebegin the world on another spiral of meaning—Joyce thinks of "my cold father, my cold mad father, my cold mad feary father"; a tribute to that prophet who had said, "If the fool would persist in his folly he would become wise."



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# Strictly Personal

**THE STRANGEST DANCE IN THE WORLD—A FABLE**

THAT night all the great and small animals of the forest met during the high of the moon. They gathered in a huge, grassy, natural amphitheatre, in the moonlit center of which stood Numa the Lion. The great beast lashed his tail for order and opened the meeting, clearing his throat with a mighty roar.

"Animals of the forest! O my brothers! We are summoned here to celebrate our imminent release from bondage to our ancient enemy, Man."

"Hear, hear!" thundered the animal chorus.

"During the past few months," Numa continued, "our runners have returned from distant cities and villages and have told us that Man has solved the riddle of the atom."

All of the animals turned and looked at each other in wonder.

"But they have also discovered that Man cannot control what he has found." Numa paused and went on. "Indeed, they have learned that this tiny atom may enslave Man. They have learned, too, that Man confers for many hours and days about his latest war, moving from city to great city, cackling and gobbling and hurling insults in his many garbled tongues, forever quarreling over the best hunting grounds, prattling incessantly about everything under God's sun but this tiny atom and about the one thing that might save him from it: That is, by merging all of his many and farflung national hunting grounds into one great world hunting ground." Numa paused and his long teeth seemed to gleam in the moonlight. "So the hour of our release from our ancient bondage to Man cannot be far away. It is well we should meet to rejoice in our new freedom. Mankind will soon perish from the earth!"

Trumpor, the Elephant, swayed uneasily in the vast circle, his little red eyes darting about. He raised his great trunk and spoke.

"Freedom, Numa! Why speak ye of freedom, when death to Man by this strange atom will mean the destruction of all of us?"

Numa the Lion shook his head and spoke, at once wearily and with deep sarcasm.

"Ah, Trumpor, it is fitting that *you* should speak! You, and the members of your family—who have grunted and sweat for untold centuries toiling for Man: building his pyramids and palaces; felling the vast forest which he stole from us; helping him to fight his interminable wars — yes, even amusing his children with your ponderous antics! They tell me you have even learned to count ten. Who knows, perhaps soon you will achieve the infinite wisdom of Man himself. . . ." Numa paused. "There are worse things than Death, old Trumpor. Fear and Slavery are but two of them. True, we may die, but from that parasite Man we shall at last be free!"

Trumpor was silent and hung his head in shame. Numa turned from Trumpor and surveyed the circle.

"You, Ploddo," he roared at the patient ox. "What have you become? Nothing but leather for Man's shoes, power for his plough, and meat for his greedy table." Numa wheeled. "And you, Reynard the Fox, with all your vaunted wisdom? Merely a sleek fur for the body of Man's mate!" Numa wheeled around the circle. "And you! And you! And you!" None was spared. At each animal Numa scornfully hurled the precise nature of his bondage to Man. When he was done, all of the animals spoke in one voice.

"Hear! Hear! Numa has spoken wisely. It is greater to be free from Slavery and Fear even than to live. All of us may die, but surely so will Man!"

Numa signaled for silence and then spoke in a low voice.

"But Trumpor is right. Forgive me, old friend, for making sport of you. I only did it to make all of us think. . . . For it was ordained in the world's beginning that no living thing may die without fighting. Alas, once we could only stupidly fight with fang and horn and claw. Thus we came to be branded as dumb animals. But now, if we would survive, we must fight with a new and strange weapon; one which from olden days was believed to be solely Man's! But Man has now forsaken his ancient weapon and we must take it up or perish.

# *Your Literary I.Q.*

**By Howard Collins**

MIRRORS IN LITERATURE

The characters in this week's quiz were all involved with mirrors. From the circumstances briefly sketched below, can you identify them or name the story in which they appear? Allowing ten points for each correct answer, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers are on page 36.

1. When the huge mirror over the fireplace in her dressing room suddenly turned into a bright silvery mist, this little girl went through it and leaped lightly into an astonishing room on the other side.
2. To avoid turning into stone as a result of looking directly at a female monster whose hair had been changed into hissing serpents, this hero used a shield as a mirror and cut off her head.
3. This beautiful youth fell in love with his own reflection which was mirrored in a forest pool.
4. Every day this queen asked her mirror, "Looking-glass upon the wall, who is the fairest of us all?" and it would reply, "You are fairest of them all."
5. In a subterranean cellar of a famous building, this extremely ugly man constructed a torture chamber, a small room lined with mirrors which reflected a thousand times over an iron tree with a noose suspended from one limb.
6. When this aristocrat's guest discovered that he could not see his host's reflection in his shaving mirror, he began, with considerable justification, to feel uneasy.
7. Threatened with a dire curse if she looked out of her window, this damsel contented herself with viewing life reflected in a mirror until one day when the image of a handsome knight was shown in the glass.
8. This man watched, reflected in a mirror, the passes made by an inexperienced ghost attempting, after his first (and unsuccessful) haunting expedition, to get back to the Other Side of Things.
9. When this hitherto happy although ugly, misshapen, and hunchbacked dwarf saw his reflection in a mirror for the first time, his heart was broken and he died.
10. Not realizing that he was playing in a highly comical burlesque, this naïve but serious-minded movie actor was persuaded, by the glib explanation that it was "a camera trick," to shoot at the villain's reflection in a bar room mirror.



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What is this strange weapon? *It is Reason!"*

Numa's voice dropped even lower. He seemed to be musing aloud to himself.

"With Reason I foresee that this mysterious atom may contain the seeds of a way of living filled with infinitely greater dignity and grandeur for all who breathe. . . . I have pondered long and I am greatly wearied from the pain of many anguished and rejected thoughts. But tonight I am sustained by a shining vision—a vision of the vast and rolling uplands of a world devoted to Peace and Reason." Numa paused. "Gather closely, O brothers, that I may relate what I see for the future of our weary world."

There was a rapid scurry and rush as the tense circle of animals pressed more closely about the great lion. Numa's voice sank to little more than a fervent whisper.

"First, I see that we must forgive Man and each other all of our past iniquities. We can no longer live with ancient hatreds. . . . Next we must pledge our sacred word that henceforth we will no longer prey upon each other or upon Man. We must then solemnly resolve that we will, this very night, transform all of our snarling and isolated jungles into one great world pasture glowing and alight with Peace." Numa's voice rose, vibrant and quivering with feeling. "Let us show Man by his own rejected weapon of Reason that we can resolve all of our ancient and myriad differences. Let us show him this by the white blaze of Reason alone so that he, who differs from his kind only in the color of his outer coat, may humbly go and do likewise!"

Numa was roaring now. "Let us *shame* Man into Reason! Let us shame him by his own neglected weapon back into the Reason which his terrible vanity has always denied us—into that courageous and undilute Reason which he presently seems so fatally bent upon scorning!"

In one roaring leap Numa sprang into the circle between Trumpor and Reynard.

"Let us join hands, O brothers, to celebrate a world forever rid of the corrosive stigma and shame of Slavery and Fear! *All hail the shining Future!"*

The forest resounded with the thunder of the mighty chorus. "Hear! Hear! Let us join hands to the great world of the future! Let the wisdom and splendor of our new brotherhood shame and shock Man back to Reason! Come, let us dance, O brothers!"

And so it came to pass that the tired old moon was the first to look down and behold the strangest dance in the world.

ROBERT TRAVER.

# *Portraits and Promenades*

*THE GALLERY. By John Horne Burns. New York: Harper & Bros. 1947. 342 pp. $3.*

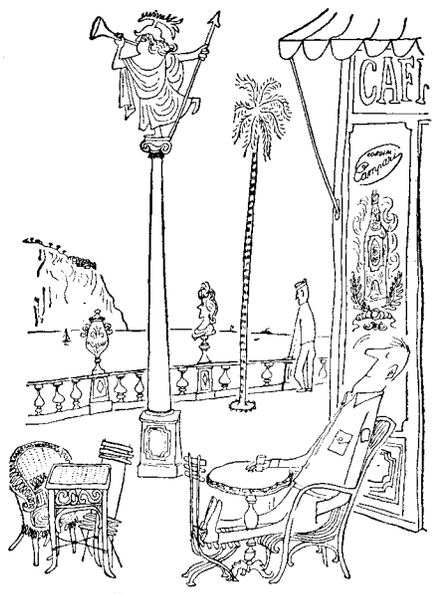
Reviewed by LAWRENCE GRANT WHITE

THIS is a remarkable book, written by an instructor in English in a New England boys' school, who served as a GI in the North African and Italian campaigns. The market is glutted with books about the war; but this is one of the best of them. The jacket describes it as "a bitter, powerful, yet hopeful novel of the conquered and their conquerors." Bitterness and power are there in good measure; but hope is harder to find.

The Galleria Umberto in Naples is the focal point for seventeen chapters: "Portraits" alternating with "Promenades." The former are brilliant character sketches of Italian and American men and women; the latter, descriptions and memories of places in North Africa, and of Naples itself. All are reportage of a very high order; pitiless, sharply-focussed photographs — rather than paintings — of people and places in 1944.

The widely varied characters are alive, the jargon of the GI's and the Italians authentic, and the descriptions startlingly vivid. The author has no inhibitions: he sets down exactly what his characters say and do, and the reader is spared no details of their lecherous conversations or bodily functions. But the ring of authenticity lessens the shock of the brutal four-letter words that appear perhaps too frequently.

The book has the essential quality of holding the reader's interest throughout. Among the most successful of the Portraits are those of "Momma," the proprietress of a Naples bar where the inanities of her customers are accurately recorded; "Giulia," a sensitive and sympathetic story of an Italian girl; "Father Donovan and Chaplin Bascom," a witty dialogue between a Catholic and a Baptist, ending in tragedy; "The Leaf," the story of a major in the Censorship, a seemingly overdrawn character, whose prototypes could be found all over the theatre. "Queen Penicillin," the account of a patient in a syphilis ward, is a masterpiece of clinical and cynical horror. The dramatic end of "Moe," the last episode in the book, is also one of the best pieces of writing.




*—From "All in Line," by Steinberg.*

The Promenades which are sandwiched between the Portraits give a welcome variety to the book. Several deal with North Africa. The descriptions of Algiers, and particularly of the Hotel Aletti, bring back the scenes suddenly and effortlessly, as an unexpected odor will to the most evocative of our senses. There are many allusions to smell: "I remember the smell of the air in Casa, a potion of red clay and the dung of camels"; the smell of the Naples latrines; and the smell of the tart sweat under the wing of a dying chicken—surely a laudable bit of research in the olfactory department.

Here is "that vacuum and parenthesis that was Naples from July to October 1943":

> The city's sewage had all backed up in a spasm of vomiting like stomachs nauseated with war. . . . And in the daytime the poor sun squeaking through the rain showed a spectacle more ghoulish than you imagined by dark. . . . The vichi, where rubbish and foul moisture trembled on the walls like rotten emeralds. . . . A cadaver in overalls. Its dead eyes turned upward and outward like buttons fearful of a buttonhook. . . .

One expects good writing from an English instructor and one is not disappointed. The author adopts the Continental practice of starting direct discourse with a dash: there are no quotation marks in the entire book. Many foreign words are used, but they are italicized only when poetry is quoted. The result is a typographically smooth page; and his style is so clear that there is no confusion. One wonders if the author's school is sufficiently liberal to include "The Gallery" in its library—it is strong medicine for small boys. But his pupils are fortunate to study English with such a capable writer as Mr. Burns.



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# *Uncle Sam Abroad*

WELL, how do you want Uncle Sam to appear to his neighbors? As he walks further and further abroad in the foreign world, he carries a pistol at his belt, a rifle slung over his shoulder, and a few handy grenades dangling. That would appear to be necessary on some occasions in the kind of world we live in now. It was the way he often dressed (minus the grenades) in his own frontier days. Certainly if he called on you so armed you would speak to him respectfully, especially if you were a quarrelsome person yourself. If the only other baggage he carried was a money bag stuffed ostentatiously into a pocket while he looked over your poverty-stricken home, you would welcome him as the clerk who can't pay his bills welcomes the money-lender. But you would not love him—perhaps wouldn't like him very much. For this often-heard-of stranger, now present in person, would seem like a symbol of what all plain people fear everywhere, domineering force by the power of armies and the power of money. It can't be helped perhaps, yet it is unfortunate.

Uncle Sam never appears this way at home, except in a cartoon now and then, for the very good reason that to the American people he is not a symbol of anything like this at all. He may carry a gun occasionally when he needs it, but usually forgets to buy a new one until it is almost too late. He usually has plenty of money, since he controls (more or less) the richest country in the world, but we at home prefer to think of him as stripping the over-fat for the benefit of the over-lean.

Most of all, Uncle Sam for us is a symbol of peace, not of war. His concern is for schools and churches, for health and technology, for free speech and the slow growth of democracy, for self-respecting individuals who like a police state no better than he does. He is easy-going—his pockets are picked every time he takes a nap. It requires quite a while to change his ways. New ideas, like conservation and adequate national defense and the subtle trickeries of great corporations and the abuse of labor and now the abuses by labor, take some time to get to the bottom of his brain, yet he was the shrewd Yankee who developed a talent for gadgets into the greatest productive machine in history. He was the farmer who broke up the tough soil of the prairies and got machines to work it. He was the conservative who held on to a few simple ideas of political freedom through the vast changes of industrialism, and to a political structure for the country that creaked at every corner and leaked through every shingle, yet kept us sheltered from the revolutions and despotisms of Europe. And he was the radical who, when pretty much everything sawable, minable, movable, salable in the public domain had been stolen, went to work to get most of it back again, finding that what the thieves did not waste they had made more valuable than mere raw resources. And he will probably succeed.

This is a fair enough picture of the symbolic Uncle Sam we have made for ourselves. He is more than a symbol, for he has great reality. And he is not a mere ideal, for you can see by his shrewd but sleeping face and his absurd costume that we are far from thinking him a demigod or even a hero. You will find him praised and criticized, analyzed, defended, and made fun of in the books we write for each other, in our newspapers and especially in our magazines, and in a not-too-infrequent moving picture given for the adults in the audience, or on the radio when intelligence gets a chance between the banalities of the commercials.

Gentlemen and ladies of this *Saturday Review* audience—which if not numerous is highly intelligent and widely influential—we call upon you to help to let this Uncle Sam that we know so well be known abroad also—let him be known in his faults as well as his virtues but especially for what he has done and wants to do. Give him one calling day a week anyhow, in foreign parts, even if in this post-war confusion the Army and Navy (or rumors of them) and economic might have to leave their cards more frequently.

For only world travelers who have visited and lived abroad off and on for the last score of years know—know absolutely—how little *our* Uncle Sam is understood over there, even in English-speaking countries, and when understood, only so by the more enlightened.

We have the machinery—of which straight propaganda is the least effective tool. We have our world-wide diplomatic centers where information about this country of the kind we supply to ourselves can be made available on an adequate scale—if Congress will permit. We have our American Information Libraries abroad—too few, but admirably efficient—where the foreigners of any kind—labor leaders, judges, politicians, soldiers, scholars, journalists—can come, and do come in great numbers, to find, not propaganda, but the books and magazines written for *ourselves*, about ourselves. We have this new but most effective means of communication, the radio.

After a long-drawn fight, Congress is apparently going to let this good work go on, though on a penny-pinching budget. Their motto seems to have been the old one of the Tripolitan wars, transmogrified—"Millions for arms, but not [more than] a cent for education and persuasion." Congress has been distrustful of the State Department. Secretary Marshall should take care of that. Many in Congress have been distrustful of "cultural exchange" which they confuse with "pink teas" and a reflection on the superiority of the American way of life. Some homework on the real meaning of culture, and on how the human mind (*any* human mind) operates, should help there. A beginning has been made with the Mundt Bill, but only a beginning. Therefore we call upon the friends of the peace which passeth, but also depends upon, understanding, to get to work themselves. Even 1948 may prove to be too late. H. S. C.



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# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

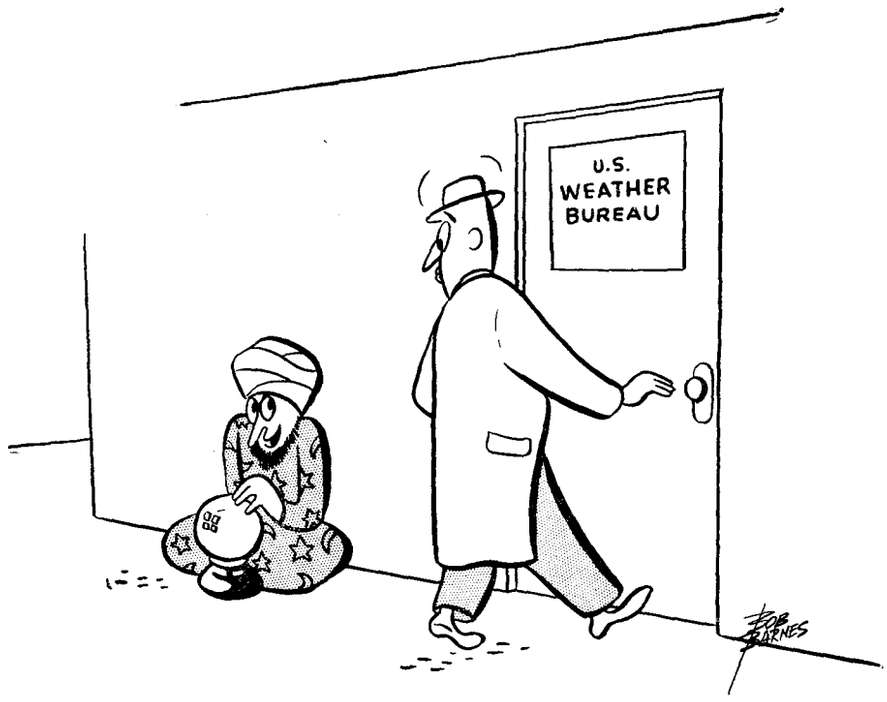
## Joyce Scholarship

SIR: Some of your readers may have been upset to learn that university presses should disseminate knowledge among the people [*SRL* June 7]. They could be all the more heartened then to discover Mr. Robinson's self appointed monopoly of Joyce scholarship [*SRL* same]. We can appreciate Mr. Robinson's feelings when some one dares to intrude upon his private precinct. His tone of consternation at the success of Richard M. Kain's "Fabulous Voyager" is understandable.

Your imperious reporter has disposed of "Fabulous Voyager" brilliantly—considering that he has no understanding of its purpose. But I am still fearful: should another young professor some twenty years hence dare to discuss Joyce, will Mr. Robinson or his successor be able to repel the invasion with equal tact; and may one rest assured that a later writer on Joyce will approach the subject with Mr. Robinson's high-minded spirit—freed from the sordid motives of "promotion and pay," which aims, happily, never taint Mr. Robinson's *Reader's Digest*?

GAVIN WILLIAMSON.

Chicago, Ill.




"Good morning, sir . . . and a lousy afternoon, clearing up toward evening . . ."

## Reviewers Misleading?

SIR: May I thank Eleanor Peltimer Blow for her quiet devastation of Lawrence Grant White's review of Carlo Levi's "Christ Stopped at Eboli" [*SRL* Apr. 19]. I had intended to point out to you the serious errors in his piece: (1) for example, Mr. White need not have known anything whatever about the original Italian to discover that the word "gentry" was not an "unfortunate translation of the Italian word *gente*," but refers to the fascist upper classes; wherever he spoke of the people, he used that word or "the peasants." Such a mistake in reviewing is inexcusable; and it does not help White's case any that he says "probably" in referring to the translation: in other words, he didn't know the original and in that case had no business supposing. (2) White makes, as I recall, about five other mistakes which show that he is a careless reader or a man of extremely bad memory, more likely the former.

However, White does at least get the feel of Levi's book, and does not run it down on a false premise, as do so many. This brings me to my major complaint about reviewers. They seem, by and large, to be either incompetent or dishonest, or both; and they have for years been misleading readers, not only in their appraisals of books but in their incorrect reports of facts. The exceptions are so rare they ought to be in museums, where they will no longer interfere with the unbroken rule of incompetence among critics.

I have, for thirty years, been engaged in the business of reporting on books for the general reader. It has been my objective all this time to get the flavor of the book, the story, the author's ideas, everything, as accurately as possible. If the *SRL* could get a staff of reviewers together with half the honesty and intelligence displayed by its own editors, I could retire from my profession, very likely to a chorus of relieved sighs on the part of authors like W. R. Burnett and the reincarnations into which men of former power have gone before they died physically—Erskine, Caldwell, James T. Farrell, Liam O'Flaherty, to name a few of the most tragic cases.

WILBUR NEEDHAM.

Los Angeles, Calif.

## Neil Kingsblood's Predecessor

SIR: None of the many reviews I have seen of Sinclair Lewis's "Kingsblood Royal" has mentioned a novel by a leading American writer published over half a century ago, with the same central theme—the sudden discovery of Negro ancestry by an American of apparently unmixed European origin (William Dean Howells's "An Imperative Duty," 1891). Mr. Howells developed the problem of Rhoda Aldgate, a beautiful young woman of one-sixteenth Negro ancestry in a very different fashion from that of Neil Kingsblood, blue-eyed, red-haired, one-thirty-second-Negro banker. In both cases the first issue is "to tell or not to tell?" but Rhoda, though at first under a compulsion to identify herself with her mother's people (it is interesting to observe that both she and Neil Kingsblood first recognize their Negro affiliations by attending a Negro church!), is ultimately satisfied to tell the man who wishes to marry her and who, unknown to her, is already aware of her secret. To Rhoda's hoarsely gasped confession, "I am a Negress!", he smilingly replies, "Well, not a very black one. Besides, what of it, if I love you?" And the book ends without any attempt to solve the problem of "the race which vexes our social question with its servile past, and promises to keep it uncomfortable with its civic future."

KENNETH PORTER.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

## Philosophical Refreshment

SIR: May I suggest Lin Yutang's "Importance of Living" for Mr. Platt's far north jaunt [*SRL* Apr. 12]. A large book by a modern philosopher will bring the man back refreshed like Somerset Maugham's character in "The Razor's Edge." He might also try writing some verse of places he has known as I would do and as I have tried in the following:

While not so far from Peter's dome
where wat'ry fountains play
A Doric structure stands
and rules a roadstead way
Where Rodin's cuttings
find a place
near bookish bracs
of voluminary mass
beside a pass
where auto-mobiles race.

BERN FORMAN.

Philadelphia, Pa.

## Mark Twain Lore

SIR: Having lately been appointed literary editor of the Mark Twain estate, I am trying to make as complete a census as possible of his manuscripts and letters, including those in private hands. In early July I started on a trip across the country looking for Mark Twain lore. I shall therefore be most grateful for any help from your readers.

DIXON WECTER.

Huntington Library,
San Marino, Calif.



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# BOOKED for TRAVEL

GM's Train of Tomorrow—"those for whom steam and cinders and clanging bells hold a special meaning could only view with alarm the handwriting on the depot walls. . ."

## SOMEBODY'S BEEN WORKING ON THE RAILROAD

*TRAINS. By Robert Selph Henry. Indianapolis, Ind.: Bobbs-Merrill Co.* 1947. 119 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by LUCIUS BEEBE

OVER a period of thirteen years since its first publication, Robert S. Henry's "Trains" has come to assume the distinction of being, in all probability, the ranking and authoritative work on the legend and practice of American railroading in a single volume. It has, on several occasions, been revised and brought up to date by the inclusion of new material, and while this new material is not extensive, consisting of ten pages in the current edition devoted to the functions of railroads in modern warfare, it has been useful in revitalizing an originally tolerably vital book, and its new dust jacket, bright and eye-filling for display purposes, is a distinct improvement over anything that has gone before it.

If there is any valid criticism of Colonel Henry's approach to the entire subject of railroading it lies alone in his factuality of manner, his concern for railroading as big business, and his assiduous avoidance of anything which could by any stretch be characterized as sentimentality or romantic flavor. Nowhere in "Trains," for example, is there any mention whatsoever of any short-line railroad, the economy, operations, and legend of which are the essence of the authentic flavor of the high iron. It is all big-time, what Thomas Wolfe calls "the thunder of imperial names . . . the names of the mighty rails that bind the nation." It is all Texas and Pacific and Louisville and Nashville. Nowhere does the reader encounter the gentle saga of the Sylvania Central, the bonanza chivalry of the Virginia and Truckee, the friendly and intimate wonderments of, say, the Prescott and Northwestern, which runs a once-a-week-only mixed train through the Arkansas peach orchards, or any mention whatsoever of the five still operating narrow-gauge common carriers in the far lands of Colorado, California, and Oregon.

This is, perhaps, no justified criticism at all; merely the expression of a personally passionate devotion to gentler and more wistful aspects of a subject whose every practitioner is passionate to the point of dementia in his approach to the high iron. There is no taint of rationalism among the amateurs of railroading.

Although with the universal cost of manufacture, the price of Colonel Henry's book has advanced from the $1.75 of the third printing to the $3 of the current redaction, some of its plates, particularly the frontispiece, have suffered the mutations of use.

"Trains" remains, however, far and away the best book in its over-all field, simple enough for the layman, technical enough not to affront the informed, and so far superior to other recent books on railroading from the head end, the rear end, or the patently and commercially subsidized end as to be above all comparison.

### *Books On Trains*

*Slow Train to Yesterday.* By Archie Robertson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 1945. 189 pp. $3. (A note of nostalgia on the short-line railroads, tottering grandfathers of today's sprawling systems.)

*Men of Erie.* By Edward Hungerford. New York: Random House. 1946. 346 pp. $3.75. (Breezy history sprinkled with anecdotes and half-tones by a biographer who specializes in railroads.)

*Railroad Avenue.* By Freeman Hubbard. New York: Whittlesey House. 1945. 374 pp. $3.75. (Stories that seethe with soot, including a glossary of railroad terms from air-monkey to zulu.)

*Highball.* By Lucius Beebe. New York: D. Appleton-Century, 1945. 223 pp. $6. (Most recent of a series by the train-possessed society and drama reporter of the *New York Herald Tribune.* Others were "Trains in Transition," 1941, and "High Iron" and "Highliners," both 1940.)

*Steelways of New England.* By Alvin Harlow. New York: Creative Age Press. 1946. 461 pp. $3.50. (The New England fathers in the little-known role of railroad pioneers.)

*THE ROAD OF THE CENTURY: The Story of the New York Central. By Alvin F. Harlow. New York: Creative Age Press, Inc.* 1947. 426 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by
EVERETT L. DE GOLYER, JR.

A LARGE railroad system is an incredibly complex business organization, and the task of writing its history one of the most difficult an economic historian can attempt. Extremely sensitive to public opinion, railroads themselves, moreover, publish, or cause to be published, more "sterilized" or subsidized histories than any other type of business. No wonder, then, that honest as well as competent studies of railroads are few in number and slight in merit.

In "The Road of the Century" Mr. Harlow has proved his mettle in handling the history of the second largest railroad in the United States. New York Central's network of subsidiary companies and lines is a fabulous maze of 366 separate entities; its history starts far back in the origins of American railroading, and abounds



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with colorful characters, often of clouded origins and obscure destinies. Mr. Harlow's story revolves around the origin, expansion, and eventual incorporation of the parent roads into the New York Central System. He has not only unearthed the fascinating records of the early railroads but has unified them in a logical and coherent pattern, despite the interesting local variations in each individual history.

Some of the author's conclusions should give pause to less thoughtful historians. The wholesale bribery of state legislatures, for instance — so often condemned in textbooks—was necessary, he maintains, to keep infant companies alive and functioning, if for no other reason. Yet Harlow does not attempt to extenuate corporate malpractice, but goes further in analyzing and explaining the less savory and less publicized aspects of railroading than any other authority yet consulted by this reviewer.

The book is by no means definitive; it is, however, far and away the best and most readable history of the New York Central yet written, easily surpassing the books of Stevens and Hungerford.

Although the thirty-year period since 1916 is only sketchily covered, this weakness is compensated for by Harlow's grasp of the essential elements of the history of the company, and the painstaking thoroughness of his exploration of the earlier period. It is regrettable that a more complete bibliography was not included in the volume, and that the author's sources are not more in evidence. Nonetheless, "The Road of the Century" is by all odds the best railroad history of recent years.

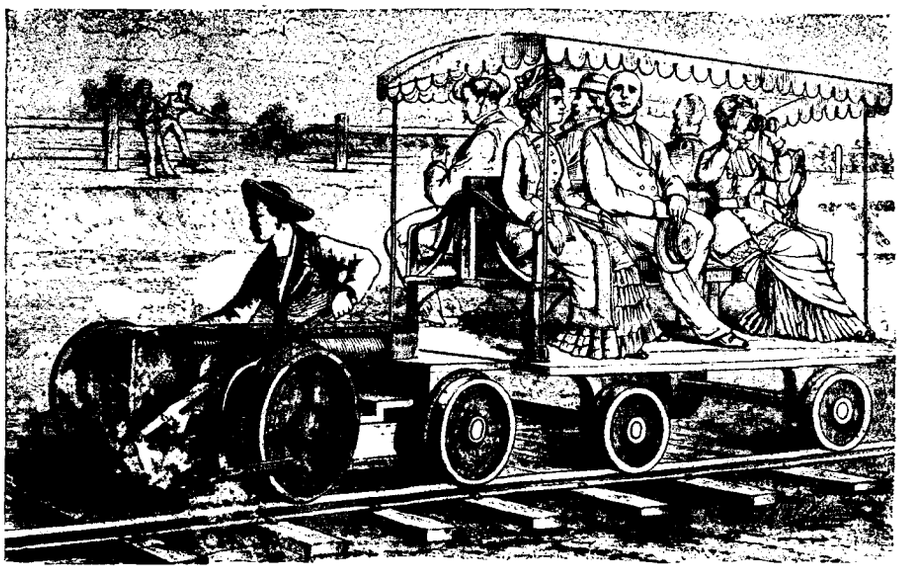
## *A Note on Trains*

ONE bright day in the late 1920's, Charles F. Kettering had an idea. In the engine room of his sleek private yacht he installed a new-fangled diesel motor. Then he packed a load of provisions, tossed aboard a bag of old clothes and a set of tools, and went puttering off to the South Pacific. Six months later Kettering was back at his desk at General Motors proclaiming the diesel to be the engine of tomorrow.

Nominally a builder of motor cars, GM has since become the largest manufacturer of diesel-powered locomotives in the world. It believes that diesel-powered railroading means clean travel, smooth riding, minimum requirements of manpower, and speed. To prove its faith the company has just poured a cool million into a visionary, four-car, Train of Tomorrow, now on a country-wide barnstorming tour.

Long covered with soot and heaped with indignities, the nation's railroad travelers could look with some hopeful anticipation to GM's new train. Those for whom steam and cinders and clanging bells hold a special meaning could only view with alarm the handwriting on the depot walls—old-style railroading is about to go the way of trolley cars, open-deck buses, and nickel-a-cup coffee.

Streamliners have skimmed along U. S. tracks since 1934 but GM's new train has glass-enclosed Astra Domes in which passengers can view the countryside from a perch two feet higher than the top of ordinary railway cars. There is also an Astra Dome atop the dining car, which becomes something of a rolling roof garden. Table service is provided on two other



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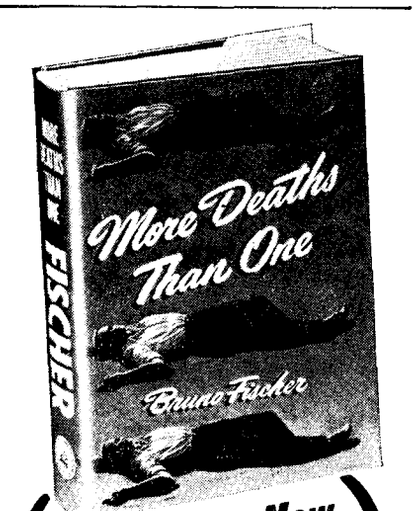


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levels, and the car has a private dining room for families. Sleeping quarters provide such unexpected luxuries as full-length mirrors, wardrobes, working air - conditoning, colorful draperies, and—in some cases—wallpaper. We can also report that tomorrow's trend in railroading is away from such handles as the Bartholomew Penrose, the Dromedary Tower, and the Alpine Buttercup, three otherwise formidable Pullman cars which trundle the rails today. The new train strives to induce a drowsy, ethereal quality with car names like Star Dust, Moon Glow, and Dream Cloud, the latter being the sleeper.

GM's train, now in Atlanta, has been shown in fourteen cities in the East, Midwest, and South. No fewer than 50,000 people stood in the rain to view the train during the fifty-four hours it was exhibited in Chicago. In Silver Springs, Md., C. W. Cavey, an eighty-four-year-old retired B&O engineer of some fifty years' service took a long, lingering look at The Train, admitted wistfully, "Boy, I was born fifty years too soon."

Plied in the past with nursemaid airline service, rakish autos, and shiny new buses, most of the traveling public has often felt that it, too, was born too soon for railroad comfort. As far as the Train of Tomorrow is concerned, the public is willing to look and listen, but tomorrow's train today still seems very far around the bend, and way behind schedule.

GM, which is not in the train-building business, is inclined to hold a more optimistic, sooner-than-you-think opinion. Actually, there are over 2,000 new railway cars on order. The trickle of post-war trains from builders like Pullman-Standard and Budd indicate that passengers can expect fluorescent lighting, pastel coloring, and fast, personalized service. The Burlington already has a Vista Dome, new cars on the Pennsylvania have automatic doors, the Chesapeake & Ohio shows movies, the New Haven offers specially prepared baby foods. In the future are individual radios, news tickers, nursery cars, barber service.

Meanwhile passengers can whet their appetites with GM's standard-setter as it slips noiselessly around the country. The Train will be shown in Louisville, July 24-27; Cincinnati, July 30-31; Dayton, August 2-5, Indianapolis, August 9-11. After a week's check-up in Chicago, it will head west for Denver, San Francisco, then on to the Northwest. All told, The Train will be on tour for a year and a half, but it will make no stops in New York. Seems the engineers have found the cars are too high for the tunnels that lead into Pennsylvania Station, and too big to fit under the Park Ave. approach to Grand Central. Travel can be broadening.

HORACE SUTTON.

# *Night Watch*

By Eric Wilson Barker

NIGHT, shining with more beauty than we deserve,
offering peace without stint to our savage hearts,
to men like tigers with unsheathed knives in the dark,
waiting and watching.
Night, and a hundred idle ships at anchor
swinging together on the turn of the tide;
the warm animal smell of sheep's wool from Tasmania
mingling strangely with tropical fragrance of tea
and sandalwood from Ceylon.
On the lips of the night wind, peace,
and peace on the breast of the flood tide
shimmering like yellow silk
under the lighted arches of the Bay span,
flowing black and smooth as ebony
under the jeweled shoulders of the Berkeley hills.
I walk the deck of a strike-bound ship,
and ivory-colored in the luminous September dark,
a gull passes between the masthead and Orion.
And peace, the indrawn breath of the night,
the burden of all matter, flows down from the stars.
Beautiful as crystal shining in the cool shadows
of a green oasis, as the breast of a gull
in the soft September darkness,
brimming up this eastern shore of the dark
and troubled planet to the cities sleeping in jeopardy.
to the towers precarious in the night,
peace beyond hope, beyond humanity.

# *Forced Recall*

*RIA. By Felix C. Forrest. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce, Inc.* 1947. 242 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

PERHAPS it is more than this, but at any rate the present small volume is indeed what its publishers claim it to be—an extraordinary piece of fiction. Its central figure is a fifteen-year-old girl or, rather, the girl as the woman that girl has grown up to imagines her to have been. For throughout the story you are not allowed to forget that perspective; and since, in the opening and closing parts, you are also reminded that the widowed Mrs. Ria Regardie Browne has never fully outgrown little Ria Regardie, you are actually caught in a kind of psychological triangle. From the point of view of mere writing skill, the author's accomplishment is, to say the least, admirable.

The locale of the (remembered) story is a small German spa back in the early 1920's, where Ria, the daughter of an American expatriate, is surrounded by an unusual group of people, including an old exiled Russian prince, a pretty Scandinavian girl, a Japanese (Ria has lived in Japan herself and knows how to talk to that unpleasant young man in his language), and a young German intellectual with mystical leanings. The drama that takes place around Ria and within her is pieced together, through her own oblique recollections, and through another original — if somewhat contrived—device: Mr. Forrest, as it were, surprises his characters, wherever they may be, at the very hour Mrs. Browne, in her Atlantic shore hotel, is recalling those far-off days, and makes them on their part also remember "the American girl."

To my mind, the excitement of the actual events—that tragedy of adolescence which has not yet lifted its impact from Ria Browne—does not, to my mind, fully live up to the author's technical apparatus. And short as his novel is, there is much too much philosophical talk in it, and too many of its people are made to explain themselves and others to others again. In short, you may often sympathize with the heroine's feeling that "the experience of forced recollection [is] interesting, but not practical." But the writing itself is so well, so carefully, and sometimes so beautifully done, that one ought to remain thankful to Mr. Forrest, whatever one's impatient objections to his methods may be.



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# *Ancient Rome Modernized*

*THE EAGLE AND THE CROSS. By Prince Hubertus zu Lowenstein. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1947. 280 pp. $2.75.*

Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT

IT IS only within the last twenty-five years that historians have revised the earlier view that Tiberius Caesar was the gloomy tyrant pictured in the senatorial histories, and this is one of the first treatments of the theme in fiction. In this book the second Emperor appears as the essentially fair-minded and philosophical man the Roman provinces knew, borne down by cares, and lonely. The picture has the additional merit of reminding us that the noble Romans by no means spent all their time on the terrific orgies with which Cecil B. De Mille has made us familiar.

The story accompanying this new view of a probably maligned man is that of how narrowly the pagan Roman Empire missed becoming the Christian Roman Empire three centuries before Constantine, the opportunity being offered through a young legionary officer who has himself become a believer and who journeys from Palestine to Rome to lay the real significance of the crucifixion before Tiberius. Prince zu Lowenstein is not on very firm historical ground in explaining why the lesson failed to take, perhaps because he seems to be saving up for a sequel. But it is clearly within the privilege of the historical novelist to take certain liberties, and it is possibly legitimate for him to have his Roman, within a year of the Crucifixion, present a Pauline and even a Thomist version of the new creed. The objective of the book is spiritual significance, and something must be allowed for the necessities of making the religious experience of those days comprehensible to the modern reader.

What is less allowable, however, is a tissue of anachronisms so broad that they begin by making the book laughable and end by turning it into a never-never-land fantasy about a country that never existed, even though the names are familiar. A small example will suffice—from a passage in which the hero has arrived at his room in a hotel, after having the "suitcases" he has checked brought in by a Negro porter:

> His room was clean, practical, and completely impersonal. Yet a few colorprints showing the Roman Forum, the Palatine, and the span of an aqueduct, even though they were made in mass production, lent a certain gaiety to the white-washed walls. There was a metal field cot, a table, and two chairs with striped grey-and-blue upholstery, a wardrobe, and a tiny wash cabinet.

It might do for Rome of 1947, but for 1 A.D., no, no, Prince Hubertus. Before you write that threatened sequel you had better put in a little time looking into the manners, customs, and physical equipment of the world where your people live; otherwise your readers won't believe a word you say no matter how important it may be.

# *Impeccable, Passionate Talk*

*A LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC. By Barbara Hunt. New York: Rinehart & Co., Inc. 1947. 244 pp. $2.75.*

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

WHEN the woods are so thick with neatly-tailored narratives that have no substance, it would seem rank ingratitude to quarrel with a book that casts its weight the other way. Such is the case with Miss Hunt's "A Little Night Music," a novel rich in substance and possessing next to no narrative at all. What shall we say of it, then? These fine and expansive and, often, exquisitely worded arguments on man, on death, on science, on ethics, on time and space, are a pleasure to read.

There are those who talk, of course, two in particular whose activities provide the pegs to string the book upon: a wispy, soulful, passing-of-the-third-floor-back kind of Scotsman, and a returned soldier with a mathematical genius one level below that of Einstein and a nihilistic urge to turn away from the human race. Their paths cross and recross, fugually; the structure of the book is indeed consciously musical in form. But we shall never remember either Gavin Macdowell or Henry Stubbs. They are too dim of outline, too flat in dimension.

We shall remember the talking, however. Those who are somehow drawn to read this book will be audience to some exciting speculation on science and ethics, and on time as a dimension in a deathless world. Nobody talks quite so passionately and at such impeccable length, about such abstractions, of course, and that will seem a pity.


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# Listening

## FREQUENCY MODULATION

IN 1935 a radio engineer, Major Edwin H. Armstrong, developed a new technique for transmitting sound by radio waves. Although the mechanics of this new method are not easily visualized by the non-engineer, Frequency Modulation, or FM, as it is known, presented broadcasters with a completely new means of transmission.

Only the cabinet, the speaker, and the impulse amplifier units of ordinary radio sets would remain unchanged in Major Armstrong's new domain. His radios would contain completely new innards, and he posed the broadcasting industry a set of challenges which are being squarely met only this last year, twelve years after the invention itself.

The challenges were that while FM offered radio listeners distinct advantages over the method then, and still now, in use, it would out-mode and require the junking of millions of dollars' worth of receiving and transmitting equipment.

Although there are frequencies available in the United States for nearly 5,000 FM stations, there were, at the end of October of last year, eleven years since Major Armstrong first demonstrated his invention, only sixty-six stations in operation, most of them merely repeating simultaneously, the programs of regular, standard stations.

To explain this amazing failure of a notoriously gadget- and innovation-conscious people from falling all over themselves to turn out the old and bring in the new, the classic gasoline-pill tale was resurrected. As was supposed to have happened in the case of the pill which was reported to be able to make gasoline from plain water at a fraction of a cent per gallon, the equipment manufacturers have been accused of entering secret agreements to keep FM receivers and, consequently, FM stations off the air.

It was, however, merely another case of the old free enterprise whirlpool. Radio manufacturers, always eager to make an honest dollar, have been ready to build sets when sufficient buyers turn up. Purchasers, on the other hand, have been waiting for stations to start operating so that they can have programs to hear. Stations, on the third hand, have had to wait until enough sets were in an area to form a market for an advertiser in order to inveigle him to foot the bills.

It took the pressure of war-savings seeking investment, plus war-trained men and women eager to invade new fields, to cut through the edge of the whirlpool. How severely they have cut can be appreciated by the knowledge that in the eight months ending July 1, 1947, 237 FM stations went into operation, and the Federal Communications Commission has authorized nearly 700 more, which are in various stages of construction. In addition, there are some 200 more applications waiting to be heard. It will not be many more months before FM will be completely a going and profitable concern, and it is possible to anticipate that within a few years the presently standard broadcasting stations will become obsolete.

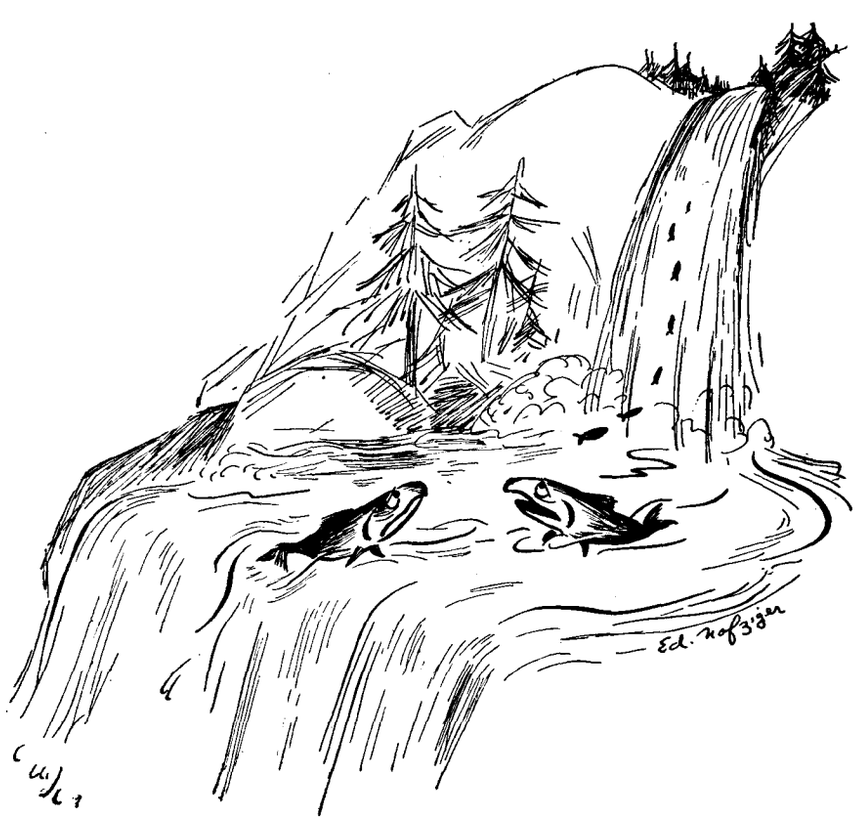
The major networks and stations will not, of course, be driven from the field by the newcomers, but their stations will shift to FM, and slowly the FM band on radios will become the common band in use, and the currently employed AM band (for Amplitude Modulation) will go up on the novelty shelf along with short-wave.

Most listeners are more or less aware of FM's mechanical advantages over standard broadcasting. The music lover knows that FM has a range of thirty to 15,000 cycles, while AM mutters along at a top of about 6,000 cycles, to the near-ruin of music. An entire generation of music followers, having substituted the radio and the phonograph for concert-going, has never felt the dynamics of great music. It knows the tune and the beat, but has never known music's sublimity.

And then there is the matter of static. Electrical interference is to a greater or lesser degree a function of AM transmission. It is no more a part of FM than acetylene lamps are of 1947 automobiles.

Two other common sufferings of AM radio have been done away with through Major Armstrong's invention. They are fading of volume and lack of selectivity. In FM the discouraging overtones of distant stations are completely eliminated, and the daytime signal is exactly as strong and predictable as the nighttime signal.

Beyond these purely technical advantages, the listener will begin to sense many broader differences as he finds his favorites among the new FM stations in his locality. By its very nature the FM system of broadcasting suggests cures to several of



"At least it will be down hill all the way back."



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the most irritating excesses present in commercial radio today. Of special significance to the socially conscious is the fact that FM, like television, being a high-frequency operation, is theoretically limited to an area enclosed by the horizon as seen from the tip of the antenna. This enables the licensing of nearly 5,000 stations in the country, thereby giving voice to many interesting and worth-while organizations devoted to special interests, which could not qualify as stewards of the general public interest in the competition for the fewer available standard broadcast channels in the lower frequencies. Universities, churches, community and civic groups, labor and farm organizations, all of these can now erect their own radio stations to serve their particular local audiences without pre-empting broadcast availabilities necessary for adequate general coverage of a locality.

The high cost of construction and operation of standard broadcast facilities has heretofore contributed considerably to listener abuse. The necessity for eking an income out of every moment of broadcast time has led to the unfortunate overcrowding of the air with intermittent singing and shouting commercials which paralyze listeners' receptivity to good programming. Being forced, by high rates, into bare breathing spaces, advertisers have had to resort to noise and astounding effects to claim attention for their products. And for the same reason of understandably high rates, local merchants who might otherwise perform a useful shopping service by announcing special sales, bargains, and shipments of scarce goods have been crowded aside by the wealthier national manufacturers of patent medicines and nostrums.

An FM station, though competently serving the community lying within its area of coverage, can be operated for as little as fifteen or twenty thousand dollars a year. These low costs immediately make it no longer necessary for every second breath to be devoted to advertising. The operator has a much wider margin of profit, and can serve, in fact as well as in spirit, his community. A larger percentage of his broadcast day can be devoted to programs of genuine community interest. And, being able to offer advertising time for a much lower cost, the FM station can be a truly useful information agent for both the local merchants and the local purchasers.

But beyond the purely dollar-and-cents benefits of lower cost radio service, there is the indisputable fact that the greater number of FM stations will result in a stricter competition for audience. This will bring about a more serious study of the public likes and dislikes, and will dictate a closer adherence to audience demands. With many of our large cities now being served solely by four national network stations, set owners are at the mercy of the likes of "Listener," an individual who does not exist. College professor in the Northwest, manual laborer in Florida, married clerk in New York City, wealthy retired widow in California, "Listener" is all of these at once, and

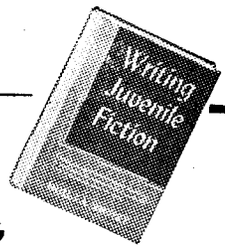
one hundred million others, and yet a single program taste is assigned to him as the result of endless averaging and normalizing.

The days of "Listener" are numbered with FM, and radio programming will expand in all directions at once. It will soon come to pass that the householder in practically every area of the country will be able to choose his radio fare from as wide a set of specifications as he does his magazine subscription list.

Perhaps the most thoughtful analysis of the place FM will take in the scheme of our radio system was made a year ago by Mr. Mark Woods, president of the American Broadcasting System, when he said:

> FM will be the principal medium of broadcasting, especially in urban areas. With few exceptions, every station operating on a regional or local channel can not only improve its service in the area now being served, but can extend that service materially. Eventually FM should replace all local and regional stations in urban areas so that these channels can be available for rural service at higher power.
>
> And when will this thing come true?
>
> It is here now [says Mr. Edward Codel, publisher of *FM Business*, the industry's lusty, year-and-a-half-old tradepaper]. If the set you buy today does not include FM, you are getting a pre-war model, because from now on out you are going to find the bulk of your listening pleasure in FM.

*(For a more detailed discussion of FM as it applies to musical broadcasts, readers are referred to Edward Tatnall Canby's feature The New Recordings in the* SRL *of December 7, 1946.* ALBERT N. WILLIAMS.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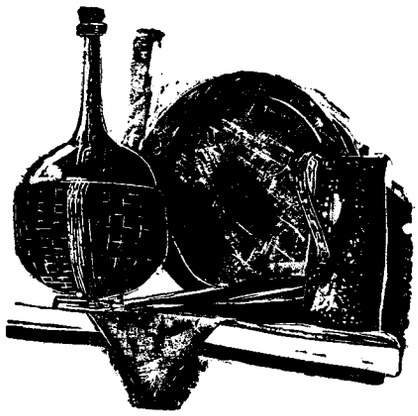
# *Christ Also Stopped at Sereth*

*SEEDTIME. By Leo Katz. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.* 1947. 381 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK



CHRIST did not stop at Eboli only. Throughout the South and the Southeast of Europe downtrodden rural people have been waiting for Him since time immemorial. Slowly their plight begins to emerge as one of the causes for our century's tribulations. One of the minor rumblings preceding the cloudburst and deluge could have been heard—had there been ears—in 1907 in the kingdom of Rumania: the so-called Agrarian Revolt, a spontaneous, ill-prepared outbreak of the peasants' wrath against oppression and exploitation, which collapsed after a couple of weeks, and was soon forgotten.

Mr. Katz has chosen that historic upheaval as the central theme, or rather the pivot, of his remarkable novel. He was born, some fifty years ago, in Sereth, then a town in the Austrian duchy of Bukovina (it's Russian now), and a place so close to Rumania that, except for smugglers, the border played but a small role in the life on both of its sides. Sereth, then, is his story's locale—a kaleidoscope of national costumes, and, with Rumanian, Ukrainian, Yiddish, German, Slovakian, and even Hungarian to be heard in its streets, a veritable babel of tongues. Yet the Sereth of 1907 painted by this author offers a picture of religious and racial tolerance which many a one-tongued modern city might envy.

Which doesn't mean that Mr. Katz's Sereth is free from the usual strife and antagonisms of men in general, and the people of towns in particular. Their weaknesses, passions, and vices make for the very story that serves as a background for the saga of the Revolt. An "American" oil prospector has arrived in town—who, in fact, is a German-born agent of the Rumanian boyars; and his political intrigue soon involves the city's worthies and many a lowly-born, too. To retell the plot, its achievements and errors, is practically impossible; suffice it to say that a more complex criss-cross of schemes has rarely been handled with such skill in fiction. And through the sinister cabal which holds in its grip the whole of Sereth, Mr. Katz brings to life scores of Serethians, Jews and Gentiles alike. A superb humor and an anecdotal wealth that sometimes suggest the incomparable Sholem Aleichem tinge his portraits of city dignitaries and government officials, tradesmen and local savants, brothel keepers and publicans, faithful women and sundry ne'er-do-wells. The comical pettiness of their worries and ambitions are at every juncture—and without any trivial historical innuendos—thrown into relief against the darkening skies of the Balkans and Europe.

The story of the Revolt itself, I'm sorry to report, is a far less successful achievement. Though it offers some brilliant scenes, this part of the book suffers from a weakness in portraying the character of the upheaval's local leader, one Vasili, a peasant boy, soldier, and frontier guard in the Rumanian army. His sentimental love for the daughter of a Czech-Austrian customs' clerk as well as the Madame-Potiphar-like infatuation of his superior's wife for the lad are definitely at variance with the well-balanced, detached realism of the rest of the novel. The messianic touch lent to Vasili gives the entire insurrection an oddly idealized flavor.

So this book has its drawbacks. Nor will the slow pace of its narrative be to every reader's taste. Still here is, no doubt, a powerful novelist worth his salt. Mr. Katz knows how to write a many-sided novel, and to present his story from many angles. He lives in Mexico now. The nostalgic irony of the émigré has been all to the good in his moving tale.

# *New Orleans Rooming-House Revel*

*MRS. CANDY AND SATURDAY NIGHT. By Robert Tallant. New York: Doubleday & Co.* 1947. 269 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by RICHARD A. CORDELL

IN NEW ORLEANS Mrs. Candy runs a rather dreary rooming house in a nondescript section which superficially has none of the exoticism and gaiety of the French Quarter, or the spacious elegance of the residential areas bordering the wide avenues. Many a reader will appreciate being spared the deluge of local-color items that spill over every page whenever the *vieux carré* is the scene of a yarn; moreover, the pulse of life is just as strong on Cairo Street as on Bourbon Street. Before one has turned many pages, one feels the languorous warmth and easy tempo of New Orleans—the rigors of St. Paul or Buffalo are not for Mrs. Candy, whose benignity and placid geniality respond to the rays of the high sun but not to high pressure. Although Robert Tallant is fascinated by this Southern city and has made a loving study of its customs, voodooism, etc., he sticks to the point of his book: Mrs. Candy and her Saturday night.

Actually the period covered is the day and night of a warm Saturday, when her roomers have a holiday and lurk about the house too content or unambitious to seek adventure elsewhere. There is the alcoholic police commissioner who is enamoured of Mary Agnes, a frosty, uncertain young woman rigid with inhibitions; and there is Mr. Petit, who is an excellent cook in a city of good cooks—he has his eye on the buxom widow and knows that the surest way to the heart of a buxom woman is through the stomach. Neighborhood brawlers and snoopers and social workers provide some raw humor and movement to an otherwise quite static collection of sketches culminating in the riotous Saturday night party which Mrs. Candy throws for her guests.

Near the middle of the book the story deserts the thoroughly realistic method and blossoms into fantasy when the ghost of Mr. Candy reveals to his widow that he detests the zinnias which she brings to his grave. However, the happily dead cynic promises to help her bag Mr. Petit for her second husband, and does so, although with considerable ineptitude. Actually the sketches gain little or nothing from this excursion into the supernatural, except a few more touches of farcical comedy.

The rough and hilarious Saturday night party (aided by the novelists' and dramatists' pleasant but fantastic myth that drunks are delightful, amusing, and witty) ends on an extravagantly "happy" note—a wholesale reconciliation and mating which almost insures a celluloid destination for the book.



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# *Days of Youth*

*LINDEN ON THE SAUGUS BRANCH. By Elliot Paul. New York: Random House.* 1947. 401 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

THIS is a mild but agreeable book, a volume of reminiscences of a New England boyhood which takes its episodic and meandering way pleasantly through the early experiences of its author. It is a loosely integrated chronicle, rambling from subject to subject as the recollection of the moment inclines Mr. Paul toward one incident or another, enlivened with anecdote and embroidered with pen portraits of individuals and the sights and sounds and smells of country life.

Mr. Paul was born and spent his early youth in Linden in Massachusetts, a detached precinct of Malden and "as obscure a little community as there was in the broad United States. "It was still in the gaslight horsecar stage when he was born into it, compact in its interests, deeply concerned with affairs of the church and local politics, a hamlet which could grow violently excited over the cutting down of a Balm of Gilead tree, where the entire neighborhood knew when anything was amiss with one of its members and the approach of a doctor or a fireman was a matter of general attention; and where children were quite as alert to any untoward or unexpected event as their elders. Mr. Paul writes of it in all its aspects, of church services and the mishaps of choir or minister, of the coming of spring and the birds and insects of the region, of the village blacksmith and the village inn, of its codfish trade and its festivities, in short, of everything that went to make up the life of the locality. A small gallery of personages passes through it and the author gives us spirited pictures of his mother and grandmother, of his playmates and schoolmates, of a certain Miss Townsend, a teacher whose strange hysteria brought on by humiliation would interest present-day psychoanalysts and who makes recurrent appearances throughout the narrative, though the elaborate build-up of her personality fades out without any climax.

The days of his youth evidently left an indelible impression upon the mind of Elliot Paul and his memories of the past bubble up easily and vividly. Some of the bite and pungency, as well as the rollicking good humor which Mr. Paul's earlier books have led us to expect from him are lacking but it, too, is good reading.


MURDER among Murder Story Writers

That is what Ludovic Travers found, when he went to Beechingford at the invitation of Austin Chaice, a successful mystery author. Travers, a consulting expert for Scotland Yard, had written a book on criminology, and Chaice wanted his help in compiling a manual for detective story writers. Two other authors are at hand, an authors' agent — and Mrs. Chaice, whose charms are literal rather than literary. Examples for Chaice's manual on homicide are presently available, as one murder follows another. *$2.00 at all bookstores.*

MACMILLAN

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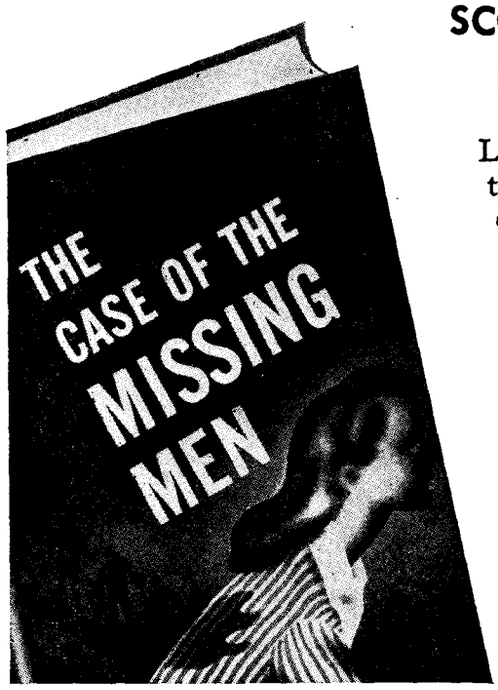


LUDOVIC TRAVERS

Ludovic Travers, a master of deduction in the classic manner, is already known and loved by English mystery readers, for he has appeared in many books by Christopher Bush. This is his first introduction to the United States. But watch! He'll turn up again soon.

By CHRISTOPHER BUSH

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## THE FIRST PERSECUTOR

(*Continued from page 11*)

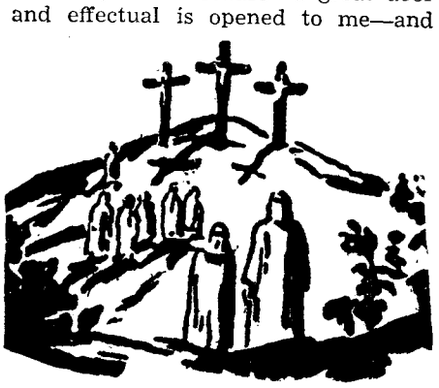
Yet he was learned in the Scriptures; he knew that a woman had judged Israel; he knew that they had been prophets inspired of God. But some black and bitter experience lay behind him and he wanted to put them once and for all in the background and then be able to ignore them. The matter is important not only because it fixed the attitude of the church and so of the Christian world, but because it is an indication of the deep division within him which cost him bitter struggles. He could say with one part of himself, "Neither male nor female, but all one in Christ," and with the other part, "a woman must be in all subjection." Such contradictions were almost inevitable in view of the man he had started out to be and the man he ended by being. Between the two no reconciliation was possible; it had to be a fight to the death, and in such a fight it is next to impossible to keep all the issues clear always.

In Arabia Paul had found that he could be saved from himself. What the struggle was who can say, but the scars of it were always there and he always feared they might reopen. Indeed, it is truer to say that though he was saved the struggle went on. It was years later when he uttered that cry of anguish, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" The answer was immediate, "I thank God, through Jesus Christ our Lord." Still the struggle went on. "With the mind I serve the law of God, but with the flesh the law of sin." The body, always the body, "our vile body," he calls it. "I buffet my body and bring it under," he said sternly. Back of the words is a burning memory of past defeats and an acute sense of present danger. "The evil that I would not, that I do."

His life was a battle. He could never take it peacefully, not with all his untroubled faith in Christ, not with his deep knowledge of the peace of God which passeth all understanding. He had to tread another path. "I am crucified with Christ," he said, "nevertheless I live." "They that are Christ's have crucified the flesh." That was the only way he could conquer; he must kill himself, hang upon his cross, and die to all that his ardent, passionate, powerful nature drove him. What he suffered we can only guess. That he never yielded we can believe. "We are more than conquerors through him that loved us," he said.

This battle within is not to be confused with the warfare against the forces of evil outside, the good fight of faith which he fought with an exultant spirit, wrestling gloriously not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world. The kind of suffering that entailed did not cost him agony. It exalted him. He lists more than once his troubles and his dangers, the hardness he endured as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. "Labors more abundant, perils by water, from robbers, from mine own countrymen, perils in the city, in the wilderness, in the sea, among false brethren, in weariness and painfulness, in hunger and thirst, in cold and nakedness. Beside that which cometh upon me daily, the care of all the churches." But hardships to the soldier were a matter of course; at worst they were only "our light affliction which worketh but for a moment, while we look not at the things that are seen, but at the things which are not seen, for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal." The man who spoke these words was invincible to circumstance.

Paul would never have said, "Foxes have holes and the birds of the air nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head." He did not care where he laid his head. There is not a hint in his writings that he ever had to put down longing for shelter and comfort and safety. It is true he told the Corinthians, "We both hunger and thirst and are naked and have no certain dwelling place," but there is nothing of homesick longing in the passage; it is full of fire and resolution, a call to the church at Corinth to follow him in all extremities for Christ's sake. He never gave a thought to ease of life. His temptations were of another order. Hardship, difficulty, danger, drew him on. Once he writes that he will stay on in Ephesus because "a great door and effectual is opened to me—and there are many adversaries." He wrote that with the light of battle in his eyes. Fighting was born in him.



In the familiar twelfth chapter of Romans he bids Christians to "be kindly affectioned one to another, in honor preferring one another"—of course. Honorably to prefer another to himself was what Paul would always do. "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord"—each ringing phrase adds a line to his own portrait. "Bless them which persecute you," that too offered no special difficulty in his eyes, or to feed a hungry enemy and give him drink. But, "If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men." There he felt was a real task to take a man's full strength who must not be judged too harshly if he failed. Shortly before his death, looking back over his life, he said, "I have fought a good fight." Was he thinking chiefly of the fight within or the fight without? Either way the victory had been won. He kept the faith, the cause which is betrayed every time men fall below their own possibilities.

ON the whole the church has done him wrong. She has presented him to the world as the master theologian, and that is unjust. It is true that he did like systematic, orderly exposition, and occasionally he said what gave comfort and support to logically-minded men trying to fit the Gospels into a clearly reasoned-out scheme. It might be supposed that some of his statements would have presented a difficulty as when he declared, falling from his great conception of all being one in Christ Jesus, that God—"willing," he explained, "to show his wrath and make his power known"—had created some men to be vessels of wrath fitted to destruction, and had predestined others to eternal glory, "for He will have mercy upon whom He will have mercy and whom He will He hardeneth." But these assertions did not trouble the theologians at all. Quite the contrary. They understood that kind of God. He fitted perfectly into their ideas and they adopted Him reverently and enthusiastically.

And yet Paul did very little explaining why. His mind was passionately bent on how—how to overcome the evil that confronts us, and no man that ever lived knew better than he. But there is no doubt that he did give some foundation to the stupendous structure the theologians raised, of which the chief towers and ramparts were that all men were condemned as sinners from their birth because Adam had eaten the forbidden fruit. The only way God's righteous anger could be appeased was by the sacrifice of an innocent victim. Christ was crucified



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and the just God was satisfied. A way of forgiveness was open for the sinful.

Paul cannot be absolved from a good deal of responsibility for this. What he says is only in stray sentences here and there, but the gist of the matter is in them, the conception of God held to unflinchingly by the church for nearly two thousand years. In spite of Paul's notable powers of mind he did not see the contradiction he was entangled in when he set forth his charter that all men were equal in God's sight, and then declared that He had created some "to honor and mercy" and others "to dishonor and destruction." It is difficult to understand how this could escape him. But in spite of his magnificent intellect, the contest he was always carrying on within could not fail sometimes to disturb his ability to see. He was too great not to recognize his limitations. "We have this treasure in earthen vessels," he said.

What must always be remembered is that his aim, the passion of his life, was to set men free from the bondage of sin into the glorious liberty of the children of God. To explain God's plans and purposes was only of secondary importance.

St. Paul has been unjustly treated. Great men are judged by the heights they reach. Only a poet's best counts; his bad makes no difference at all. We never think of the poor lines Shakespeare could write, of the terrible verses Wordsworth perpetrated. People who achieve greatness, anywhere in anything, are remembered for that. The rest is dropped out of sight. But St. Paul's worst has been given importance over his best. And yet his statements that God creates some men for eternal suffering and others for heavenly bliss are few and far between, while on page after page he has written words which are among the loftiest and most beautiful ever recorded. He, once the man of cruel arrogance, saw better than anyone else the greatness of humility and gave it great expression: "In lowliness of mind let each esteem other better than themselves." "Let this mind be in you which was in Christ Jesus, who being found in fashion as a man, humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." "Be ye kind, humble of mind, meek, long suffering; forbearing one another and forgiving one another." So he bade others do, and of himself he said, "Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended; but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

Very close to this spirit was the conception he reached after long conflict where the road to conquest lay. It was not through strength, high spirit, determination. "When I am weak, then am I strong," God's strength made perfect in weakness. Paul could not have had in mind Christ's hard saying, "Resist not evil." None of Christ's disciples ever noticed it except Matthew alone. Paul never even indirectly referred to it. Nevertheless these words of his are, in some sort, a commentary on Christ's. As if Paul were looking at Christ on the cross and seeing the victory won there by not resisting, through the surrender of self become the strongest power on earth.

It is Paul who named the Christian graces for us, not virtues which can be resolutely won, like truthfulness, but graces which are never won, but come unconsciously, only through self-forgetfulness. "Love, joy, peace," runs his list, "long suffering, gentleness, goodness." "Be ye kind to one another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another." These are the astonishing products of the fierce and fiery temper he once was.

The greatest and most beautiful words he ever wrote are about love, the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians. It stands with the very best of the New Testament. But, strangely, it is not about the love of God, only about human love. Certainly no one has ever given a loftier and more beautiful expression of the love of


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God than Paul did, but when he wrote of human love he was at his greatest. He had a power of feeling, which has hardly been surpassed. Love was a passion to him, an unsounded surging ocean. With his whole being he felt the love of God: "For I am persuaded that neither death nor life nor angels nor principalities nor powers nor things present nor things to come nor height nor depth nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God." With an equal exalted intensity he spoke of the love of Christ which "passeth knowledge." "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation or distress or persecution or famine or nakedness or peril or sword? Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us."

But still more beautiful, still more exalted, is what he wrote of love here on earth. Sometime in his life he had loved greatly. He had known the love that transcends all selfishness and he had known the suffering such love brings. What he wrote is brief, only thirteen short verses, hardly a quarter of a page, and yet all of human love is there, its preeminence and the pain it is bound up with. Apart from it nothing men do is worth anything; "the tongues of men and of angels" are "as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." The mind, reason, knowledge, are profitless; "though I understand all mysteries, and all knowledge, and have not love I am nothing." "Whether there be prophecies they shall fail. Whether there be tongues they shall cease, whether there be knowledge it shall vanish away," but love will endure. Without it faith, the very cornerstone of the church, is of no account: "Though I have all faith so that I could remove mountains and have not love, I am nothing." So too the very utmost of self-sacrifice: "Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not love, it profiteth me nothing. Love suffereth long and is kind: Love thinketh no evil; seeketh not her own; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Love never faileth. And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love."

*The preceding article has been adapted from a book to be published by W. W. Norton & Co. next year.*

# The Criminal Record

**The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction**

| *Title and Author* | *Crime, Place, and Sleuth* | *Summing Up* | *Verdict* |
|---|---|---|---|
| MURDER IN THE TOWN<br>*Mary Richert*<br>(Farrar, Straus: $2.50) | "Totem" Dixon, newest professorial-sleuth recruit, spends vacation solving slugging of old flame and shooting of museum curator in N. Y. suburb. | Rattle - family - skeletons' - bones opus, with plenty of suspects, bewildered cops, and attenuated amateur who "chews and digests" facts quite logically. | Tolerable |
| THE LABORS OF HERCULES<br>*Agatha Christie*<br>(Dodd, Mead: $2.50) | H. Poirot solves dozen distinctive cases named for exploits of mythological homonym. Crimes are set against English and Continental backgrounds. | Characteristic Poirot puzzlers. Classical tie-ins sometimes far-fetched —and collection notable for dullest single Poirot tale ever published anywhere, anytime. | Satisfactory shorts |
| STRANGE STORY<br>*Hilda Lewis*<br>(Random House: $2.50) | Studious English twin accidentally slays her bibulous sister—whose panicky husband gets hung for crime. Surviving twin nevertheless pays for misdeeds. | Effective character portrayals distinguish "psychological" tale of British middle-classers. Tragic story of sisters' physical and moral deterioration depressing—and impressive. | Grim |
| DATE WITH DARKNESS<br>*Donald Hamilton*<br>(Rinehart: $2.50) | Navy Lieut., on leave, meets warring French refugees in New York, and concludes series of violent events in Chesapeake Bay. | Post-war plotting and characters expertly handled — frequently without gloves. Ambivalent "hero" and alluring French girl well done. Action incessant. | Tough and Torrid |
| AFFAIR AT RITOS BAY<br>*Muriel Bradley*<br>(Crime Club: $2.) | Fell-or-pushed-over-cliff demise of California wolf and stabbing of South American siren solved by suspect movie-script writer. | Fatal philanderings of plushy coast couples expertly examined by susceptible scribe, with assist by red-headed secretary—who gets her man. | Middlin' |

# *Romantic Refugee*

*DULL THE SHARP EDGE. By Ellen Marsh. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1947. 248 pp. $3.*

Reviewed by RUDOLPH VON ABELE

THIS novel of a girl, part German, part American, lost in America during the war years, and of her search for a person in whom she can have trust, is a highly readable book but unsatisfying as serious fiction—which is what it sets out to be. In Stephanie Jameson, her father Luther, her German mother Marianne, whom he marries in Germany and brings to the United States, and in the network of relationships that develops when Marianne returns to Germany with Stephanie, and remarries, and when Stephanie later comes back to Luther and America, Miss Marsh has an interesting subject; but the book fails to articulate it or to give it meaning. Stephanie's is the most clearly perceived character in the book, yet she fails to come alive, to become a personality instead of an idea of one. Similarly, the characters of her father, of the three men with whom she falls in love, and the girls with whom she lives, are all less persons than bundles of perceptions about persons.

Miss Marsh is learned and perceptive in her knowledge of human beings, yet her people are abstractions clothed in the terminology of everyday discourse; her atmosphere, while detailed and well-drawn, remains unreal. It is, to be sure, a serious atmosphere, where serious things are under discussion—the problem of the transplanted foreigner, the problem of finding emotional security in a chaotic world, the problem of arriving at a rational political attitude — but not much is done with these profound questions. There is a thinness in the book which not even Miss Marsh's erudition, or her clean, spare, refreshingly unpretentious writing, can quite fill out. It is well put together; it moves at a good pace; but at the end there remains in the reader the conviction that it could have been done either in half the length, or, by a more gifted and mature writer, could have been given more substance.

As it is, "Dull the Sharp Edge" is a romantic book, full of the nostalgia of love and death, with a judicious mixture of anti-Nazi politics, yet a book which never quite succeeds in justifying its own existence. Miss Marsh has a definite talent for style and construction, but she has yet to learn how to transmit what she observes to her audience.



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# The New Recordings

| COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS | ENGINEERING | | PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT |
|---|---|---|---|
| | *Recording Technique* | *Surface* | |
| STRAVINSKY, SYMPHONY IN THREE MOVEMENTS. (1945). N. Y. Philharmonic, Stravinsky. Columbia M 680 (3) $4 | This dissonant, often heavy music is still remarkably good for recording thanks to clean, sharp tone colors, little "mud." Good sense of perspective. | A— | More fuel for the eternal Stravinsky row! I find it most rewarding—for a change. Decidedly dissonant; weighty, but beautiful orchestration. |
| SCHUBERT, OVERTURE IN D (IN ITALIAN STYLE) Op. 170. National Symphony Orch. (Engl.) Heinz Unger. London Decca K 1357 (1) | One of the best offers to date. Usual wide tonal range. Less live than most in this series, more live than aver. U. S. recording. | A | Medium Schubert, but still a major find for most of us—fine performance too. Somewhat like early symphonies, plus dash of Italian flavor. |
| MENOTTI, SEBASTIAN BALLET SUITE (1944). Robin Hood Dell Orch. Mitropoulous. Columbia X 278 (2) $3 | Good, natural, light-bodied recording; suits music perfectly. Unusually fine surfaces in my copy. | A+ | Saucy, modern, very Italian. Calls a tune a tune, unpretentiously, expertly, but Hindemith-like dissonance too. Good ballet music. |
| ADAM, GISELLE BALLET MUSIC (1844). Arr. Lambert. Royal Opera Orch. Lambert. Columbia X 277 (2) $3 | Imported; noticeably less of a rising curve than current domestic Columbia. Rather tubby. ("Flat" from turnover?) | A to A— | Overweight Offenbach, with touch of Schubert. Unprofound, well written, dull by itself. Pretentious tragedy. |
| MOZART, ADAGIO AND RONDO K. 617 (GLASS HARMONICA). E. Power Biggs, celesta; P. Kaplan (fl), L. Speyer (ob), E. Kornsand (vla), J. Zimbler (cello). Victor 11-9570 (1) $1 | Some trouble with peaks in celesta, surfaces not too good; but music comes through nevertheless. | B+ | Excellent late Mozart, for strange combination—originally for Ben Franklin's revolving glass discs touched by wet fingers. Fine playing, good listening. |
| GLUCK, ORHPEUS; MELODIE (Ballet Music). KREISLER, RONDINO Nathan Milstein, Artur Balsam. Columbia 17408-D(1 10") $.75 | Beautiful liveness in the Gluck, like recent Francescatti album. Noticeably *less* resonance on reverse side—could this be artificially added liveness? | A— | Two encore pieces, but beautifully played. The Gluck (original for flute) is one of most beautiful melodies ever written. |
| ST. SAENS, CAPRICE ON AIRS DE BALLET FROM "ALCESTE" (GLUCK). Novaes (piano). Columbia 71691-D(1) $1 | Piano lacks fullness, seems at a distance. Liveness is off here somehow. Piano is still weakest spot in current recording. | B+ | A fancy bit of ornamentation on some lovely Gluck—but the music would be much more pleasing in original strings. Why bother with St. S.? |

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# the Phoenix Nest

### LAMENT OF A FLOWER GROWER

IN A COOL region to the north of west
I have grown flowers,
Off and on,
For years:
China blue Iris, lilies a *yati* high, and Tulips.
And of these incomparably the fairest
Were the Tulips.
Not the pink, the red, and the yellow Tulips,
But the bronze,
The bronze standing erect as burnished Arabs,
And the white, as togaed Romans,
And being desirous of emolument
And means to live,
I sent my fairest to the city
That the people thereof might be gladdened,
But the merchants of the first city
Sent me a plain note saying:
"Send us ten thousand Tulips more,
Be they pink, red and yellow,
But not any bronze like Arabs,
Nor, like Romans, white."
And I said, O God! O Vancouver!
Whereupon I sent my children farther afield
Unto the next city,
But the merchants in the next city
Became eloquent.
"Send us pink Tulips, we beseech thee," they said,
"And red and yellow,
"But spare us the bronze like Arabs,
"And the togaed Romans.
"*Diximus.*"
And I thought,
O God! O Winnipeg! . . . and sent my favorites to Toronto
Where again they entered without honor
Provoking mutual blasphemy.
I sent no swart Arabs and immaculate Romans
To Montreal:
Just the red, the pink, and the yellow.
For already, in a faded hour,
An illustrious traveler had passed that way
Who,
Seeing the *discobolus,* so sad, rejected of men,
In the corner of a lumber room,
Had
Inconsiderately
Said it first.

HAROLD R. WAKEFORD COX.

* * *

I have enjoyed very much Barrows Dunham's "Man Against Myth." Among other exploits, he takes Herbert Spencer and Stuart Chase apart about as neatly as one could wish, in a witty, highly intelligent, ironic but unacrimonious fashion. He seems to be thoroughly a materialist, but it is a pleasure to read so well-informed a writer. Certain remarks of Mr. Dunham's have given me profound pleasure, almost unto hysteria. For instance, this, concerning Herbert Hoover's speeches on the gold standard, in the campaign of 1932:

> No ray could disclose, no key unlock, the secret of those sentences. Across a vast and slumberous gulf of sound, one heard dim struggles with unutterable thoughts.

Once I wrote a poem "The Laodiceans," which I have retitled "The Images," and the following from Mr. Dunham might well have been my text:

> The assassin steals close, the dagger is lifted; but the victim murmurs, "I am an artist: I have no comment to make."

Of course I myself find a good deal of meat in what Mr. Dunham calls "the relentless imperatives of Emerson and the shining prophecies of William James," and I can't, on the other hand, make much out of Mr. Dunham's sentence, "He who lives in his own thoughts will never live in the world." How else can a writer live? Also, for all his faint scorn of mysticism, this highly civilized man has written one sentence that might be directly from a sermon by John Donne. He is speaking of the deterioration of character that inevitably occurs in the true Machiavellian, who is "condemned by his own ethics to the hypocrisy of professing virtue and practising vice," and he writes:

> Greed fevers him like an ague; and the final death of his body, though it occur in quiet and in admiration, is the collapse of a charnel house upon the inhabiting bones.

A superb sentence! "Man Against Myth" becomes, for such things, one of the few books I hope to keep by me for the rest of my life. If everyone were as civilized as Mr. Dunham, what a nice world it would be!

* * *

The following comes from Chicago:

> Among the recent spate of hard-boiled detective and mystery novels are the following: "The Butterfly," by James M. Cain; "Dig Me a Grave," by John Spain; "A Halo for Nobody," by Henry Kane; and "Fast One," by Paul Cain. That recurring note inspired this plaint:

### AGAINST THE GRAIN

The train of pain's not on the wane. . . .
With gory stain, fiend insane,
Murder plain, or corpse in twain,
Our authors (seemingly without a strain)
And all for gain, that earthly bane,
Are fain to deign to shock the brain and raise the mane.
Though blood and brutal blows do rain,
Their cruel villains feign in vain,
Give way to brain, and right does reign.
(It's plain to see they're raising Cain!)

CHARLES KAPLAN.

* * *

### UNSCIENTIFIC

It may be chlorophyll
Outside my window-sill,
But I prefer to think
It's daphne, turning pink.

DOROTHY LAMB.

* * *

And from Baxter Hathaway of the Department of English in Cornell University comes this:

> It may be of some interest to you for your column that a magazine, a quarterly to be called *Epoch,* is being projected for publication this fall by a group of faculty members of Cornell University who are interested in creative writing. We hope to get out a magazine devoted almost entirely to fiction and poetry and place less emphasis upon criticism than many of the quarterlies now on the market. We want good stories and poetry, not too obviously esoteric, preferably material that portrays the American scene and mind, but are not much interested in local color just for the sake of local color. We contemplate making no payment for material at the present time. Address: *Epoch,* Goldwin Smith Hall, Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.

* * *

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

## LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Alice, in "Through the Looking Glass," by Lewis Carroll. 2. Perseus, in Greek mythology. 3. Narcissus, in Greek mythology. 4. The wicked Queen, in "Snow White," by the Grimm Brothers. 5. Erik, in "The Phantom of the Opera," by Gaston Leroux. 6. "Dracula," by Bram Stoker. 7. "The Lady of Shalott," by Alfred Tennyson. 8. Clayton, in "The Inexperienced Ghost," by H. G. Wells. 9. The dwarf, in "The Birthday of the Infanta," by Oscar Wilde. 10. Merton Gill, in "Merton of the Movies," by Harry Leon Wilson.



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*(Continued on page 38)*



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# PERSONALS

(Continued from page 37)

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CORRESPONDENCE invites from anyone who considers letter writing an art. Box 186-T.

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VETERAN, college graduate, young, wonders where there is a job that involves living as well as making a living. Box 188-T.

HAVE YOU BEEN HAUNTED BY A BOOK(S) that you cannot find through ordinary channels? Our system has remarkable success in locating elusive volumes. Consult us. No obligation. Box 189-T.



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# DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 695

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

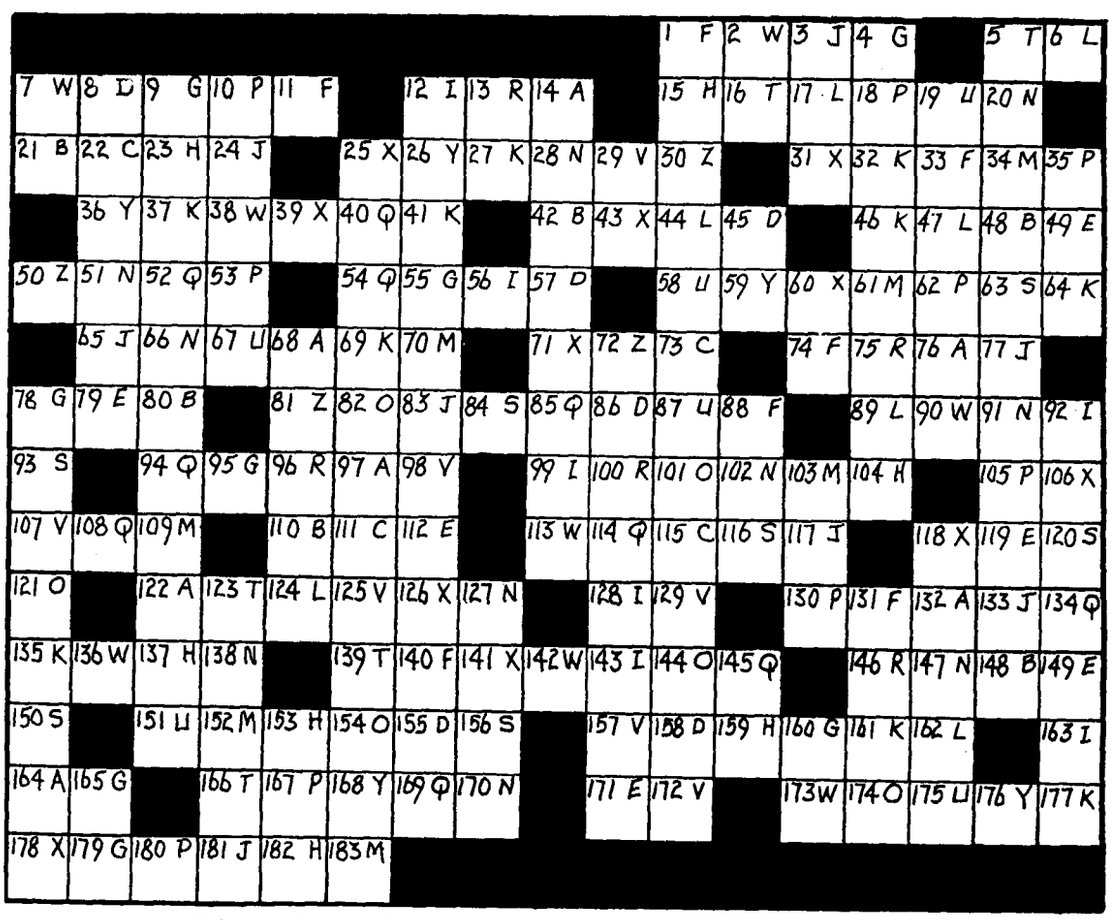
By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

| DEFINITIONS | WORDS |
|---|---|
| A. French composer of polytonal school, in America (1892-). | 132 97 76 164 122 68 14 |
| B. Relative, as contrasted with absolute, knowledge (Vedanta philosophy). | 110 148 21 80 42 48 |
| C. A verse; strain; stanza (Irish). | 73 115 111 22 |
| D. A Kirman carpet of particularly fine grade. | 155 158 8 86 57 45 |
| E. French sculptor and engraver of medals (1810-87). | 171 49 112 119 79 149 |
| F. Of the waist, slender. | 1 33 88 140 131 11 74 |
| G. Pertaining to or like the red deer (Zool.). | 165 179 78 4 95 55 160 9 |
| H. An impetuous rush. | 153 137 182 23 159 15 104 |
| I. Of a language, lacking denominational inflections; as Chinese. | 12 99 163 128 56 143 92 |
| J. Danish Wagnerian tenor, Metropolitan Opera (1890-). | 133 3 77 65 117 181 24 83 |
| K. Travestied by ludicrous ridicule, in literary or dramatic presentation. | 46 177 135 64 41 161 27 37 32 69 |
| L. A large indeterminate number (humorous). | 44 124 89 162 6 47 17 |
| M. Additional or side portions (U. S.). | 34 152 109 103 183 61 70 |
| N. Edible fruit of a tree cultivated commercially in China, India (2 wds.; plur.). | 66 51 91 102 20 147 138 28 170 127 |
| O. Into the bargain (2 wds.; Colloq.). | 174 154 144 121 82 101 |
| P. Continual; unintermitted. | 18 62 130 167 35 53 180 10 105 |
| Q. Precursor of the newspaper (England, latter 17th Cent.). | 85 134 54 145 40 52 94 108 114 169 |
| R. Entailed, said of an estate (Law). | 96 100 146 13 75 |
| S. Well-known English poem in 6 books (1785; 2 wds.). | 116 93 156 120 63 150 84 |
| T. Rasping. | 5 16 123 139 166 |
| U. To cover with foam (Poetic). | 58 175 151 67 87 19 |
| V. American architect best known for his work in Australia (1876-). | 157 98 125 172 129 29 107 |
| W. Approved and sanctioned, esp. formally. | 142 7 173 136 38 90 2 113 |
| X. French engineer, builder of famous landmark named for him (Paris Exposition, 1889). | 106 141 39 71 126 25 31 43 118 60 178 |
| Y. Compass in action or expression. | 168 36 176 26 59 |
| Z. American astronomer, 1855-1938, first to photograph solar corona from an airplane (1925). | 50 72 81 30 |

## DIRECTIONS

*To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.*

*When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).*




Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 12 of this issue.

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